

MCGILL DAILY

DEPOT LEGAL BIBLIOTHEQUE NATIONALE

POSTAGE PAID IN CASH AT 3RD CLASS POSTAGE RATE PERMIT NO. 11024
RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED AT 3480 McTAVISH, MONTREAL.

by marsha fine
and jonathan lewis

Population is inversely proportional to freedom

The embryonic chapter of Montreal Zero Population Growth tried to hold its first organizational meeting Wednesday night, but cut off discussion of the issues it had advertised in the *Daily* — "population / pollution / growth economy / technology / conservation / environmental quality."

People who wished to challenge the fundamental principle of the group — that all the world's problems are derived from over-population — were asked to leave, after exposing several inaccuracies the group is attempting to promote.

Amongst these was the idea "that children in small families tend to be brighter, bigger and taller, more creative and more mentally stable and independent." This statement, blatantly underlined in a reprinted psychiatrist's article titled "The Case for Small Families," was received unfavorably by the audience.

The article divorces problems of emotional instability from the economic conditions of the individual's class background, basing its claims on a study of IQ's.

The article also claims that "the number of children in the family affects the intelligence at each economic level and that children from small families consistently outscore those from big families in the same income bracket."

STAFF MEETING

There will be a meeting of all *Daily* staff members today at 4 pm in our plush basement suite. Bring your own champagne.

ZPG maintains that population will continue to grow until it is too late to do anything but die. One piece of ZPG literature includes a graph which attempts to show how over-consumption of natural resources is caused by too many people in "this small world of ours."

One student challenged the idea that the world's population is growing. In fact, he pointed out, there has been a decrease in recent years. A ZPG organizer responded by describing this decrease as a "minor fluctuation." He would not elaborate on this statement however.

ZPG also considers "crime, pestilence, pollution, famine, and war" a result of the "population problem."

The famine issue is a myth, contended several students. Using India as an example, they pointed out that racist attitudes made a special case out of In-

Continued on page 3



daily photo by michael pollak

A REPRESENTATIVE of the Afro-Asian Latin American People's Solidarity Committee at yesterday's announcement of the opening of a "Third World Centre" on University Street. See story on page 3.

by andrew phillips

Nixon visit seen as blow to U.S.

The visit of US president Nixon to the People's Republic of China was yesterday characterized as "a testimony to the decline of the imperialist position and the rise of the revolutionary position over the last 22 years" at a forum at McGill sponsored by the Afro-Asian Latin American People's Solidarity Movement.

A speaker from the Solidarity Movement explained that "for the past twenty years the im-

perialists have tried to ignore China, and now they are forced to go to Peking."

"To show that what China is doing is nothing new," the speaker described the origins of socialist foreign policy. In 1916, "Lenin laid down the policy that the very nature of a socialist country must be one of peace, because its foundations, unlike those of capitalist countries, are not based on exploitation and profit-seeking at the expense of

others."

The speaker quoted Lenin, writing in 1919: "That is the way it always is - when the enemy's beaten, he begins talking peace."

He emphasized that China is following the original policy of defending socialism while seeking cordial relations with other countries, and that the Nixon visit means that "oppressed people should intensify their struggles."

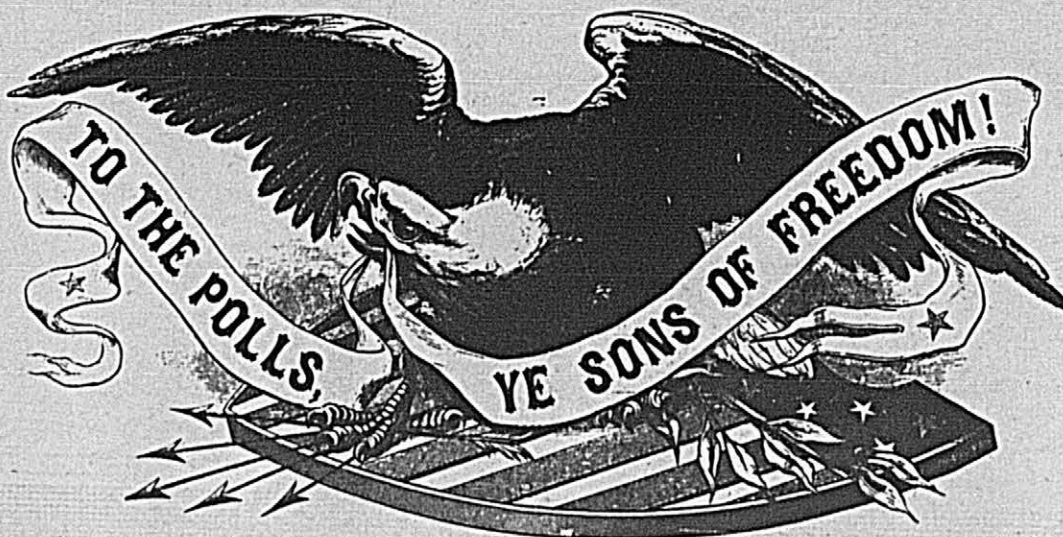
The "co-existence" policies of China and the Soviet Union were compared, and the Solidarity Movement spokesman charged that the USSR "has given up revolution for co-existence," citing Khrushchev's speech to the United Nations General Assembly: "The USSR and the United States can march hand in hand to work for the peace and progress of all humanity."

This attitude was contrasted to that of China since it entered the UN. A member of the audience stated that China "has not compromised on any basic issues", and has taken a "totally unyielding stand".

"For the first time," he continued, "Afro-Asians have stood up in the UN and told Nixon what they really think of him."

The Movement speaker con-

Continued on page 5



ARISE ye wretched Arts and Science Students. Evolutionize ASUS by casting your ballot today at one of the many polls located (again) around campus.

LEAN AND HUNGRY/BY GEORGE KOPP

FRABJOUS
DAVE HERE
IN DOWNTOWN
MONTREAL WITH
NERO ZEROHERO
OF THE MINISTRY
OF INTERNAL
AFFAIRS,
WEATHER
DIVISION.

MR. ZEROHERO,
WHAT
WOULD
YOU CALL
THIS
WEATHER?

BLOODY
AWFUL,
FRAB,

I MEAN,
IT'S NOT
REALLY
SNOW,
IS IT?

NOPE.

IT'S
MORE
LIKE
HAIL.

YOU'RE
GETTING
WARMER.

IS IT
SLEET?

YOU'RE RIGHT!!
AND HERE'S NATALIE
WITH YOUR
PRIZE, A BOUND
VOLUME OF
PARLIAMENTARY
DEBATES ON
THE
WEATHER
QUESTION.

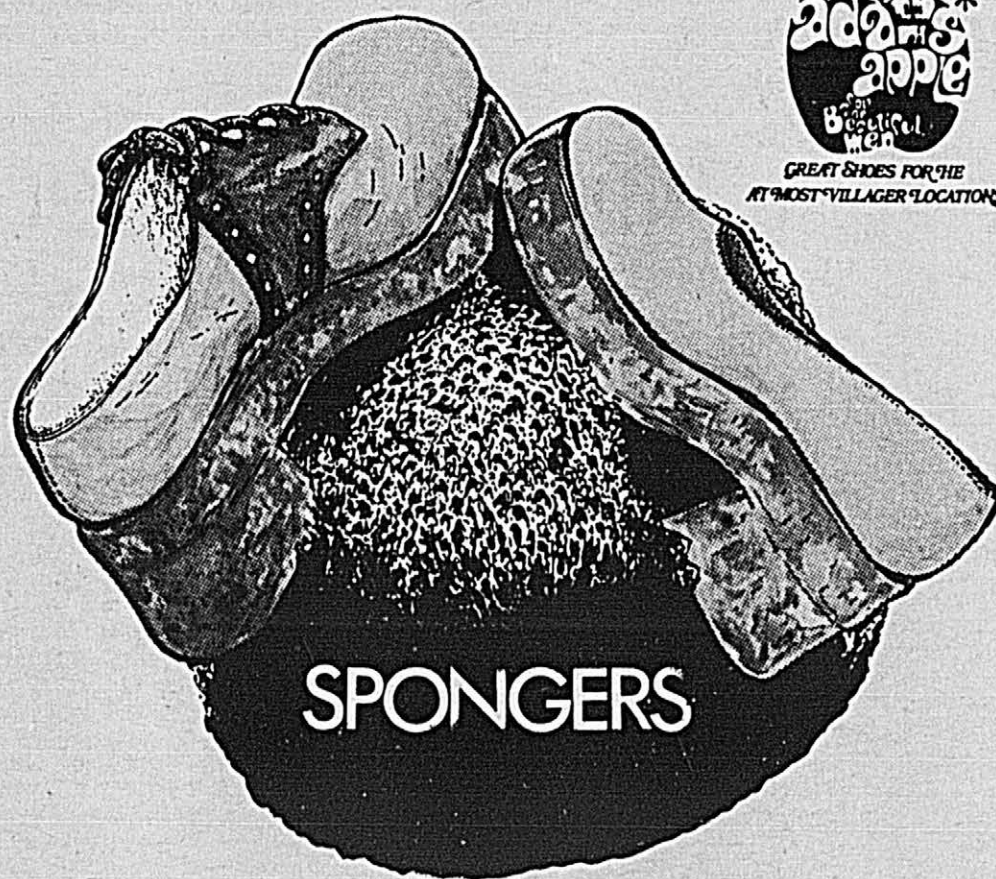
YOUR
GOVERN-
MENT
REMINDS
YOU THAT
EXPOSURE
TO SLEET
PELLETS
CAUSES PER-
MANENT
BRAIN DAMAGE.
PLEASE PROCEED
TO THE NEAR-
EST POLICE
STATION. THANK
YOU.



the Villager shoe shoppes



GREAT SHOES FOR THE
AT MOST VILLAGER LOCATIONS



SPONGERS

by Hanna Shoe Corp.

Saddle Tie on Sponger Sole:

Rust Suede with Black Suede
Denim Blue Suede with Red Suede
Yellow leather with Blue Suede
only \$19.00

Slip-In on Sponger Sole:

Denim Blue Suede
Red Suede
Black Kid Leather
only \$18.00

Open Thursday and Friday Nites

C.O.D. orders accepted. Credit and Chargex cards honored

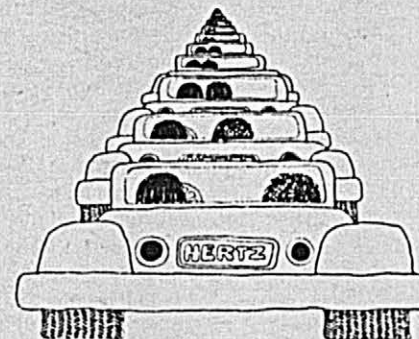
5218 Queen Mary Rd.
Fairview Shopping Centre
6621 St. Hubert St. Plaza

1325 St. Catherine St. W.
Place Ville Marie
1478 Peel St.

Place Victoria
Les Galeries d'Anjou
110 Sparks St. Mall
(Ottawa)

* "Design and Word Trade Marks in Canada of the Villager Shoe Shoppes Ltd."

Students over 21 can go as far as they like this weekend...



in a Hertz car.

Unlimited free mileage on economy models is what we're offering. Bigger cars, you get the first 400 miles free. As long as the driver is 21 or over — no problem at Hertz. Four of you can cram into a Ford Pinto and drive it from Friday noon to Monday at 9 a.m. for less than \$4 per head, per day. For a bigger car — well, just see below.

At our Dominion Square location only. Call 866-8621

Rates for entire weekend. Gasoline and insurance not included

Pintos	\$29.95	Unlimited free mileage
Mavericks etc.	\$34.95	Unlimited free mileage
Torinos etc.	\$37.95	First 400 miles free. 12¢ each additional mile.
Galaxie 500's, etc.	\$43.50	First 400 miles free. 13¢ each additional mile.



Population. . .

Continued from page 1

dia. Starvation, they maintained, was a result of the unequal distribution of food, not of overpopulation. Famines had begun with foreign domination; in fact India had not had its first regional famine until ten years after the first British invasion. People in Calcutta are starving as rats feed on grain stored until prices are high enough for profitable disposal.

Robert Goodland, a McGill geography professor and organizer of ZPG, agreed that there was a problem related to

distribution, but added "if people had never been brought into this world, they would not be dying now."

Another of ZPG's beliefs is that Canada is in danger of overpopulation and should restructure its immigration policy to balance immigration with emigration. It was pointed out that Canada is not in any such danger and that to "protect Canada for Canadians as a means to prevent this ultimate crisis is wrong since it assumes ability to overcome problems "caused" by overpopulation, and since it is virtually a "keep Canada White" promotion.

Discussion developed along these lines and reached a crucial stage when one student in-

sisted that the information being passed off as facts by the ZPG was misleading. He and several others urged further examination of the issue, including a hard look at the basic assumptions of overpopulation causing problems.

Requests for an open forum in the near future were received favorably by the ZPG people, who then asked the dissenters to leave so that "organizational" work, i.e. bureaucratic discussion of mail costs for circulars, could proceed.

The "troublemakers" left, but there remained people dissatisfied with the basic principles and unwilling to engage in ZPG activity without further background activity. It was

agreed that the group meet once more to get facts straight since "they can shoot our arguments full of holes" before the open forum and to prepare some kind of defense against the forum-suggesters.

Perhaps the degree of commitment of the people who stayed to join, about 10 out of 60, was best summed up by a new recruit who claimed: "In my gut I feel population is a problem."

by andrew phillips

Third World Centre opens

The opening of a "Third World Centre" under the Auspices of the Afro-Asian Latin American People's Solidarity Committee was announced yesterday at a meeting of over 60 people, held in the Union building.

A solidarity Committee spokesman hailed the Centre as "definitely a step forward in political activities opposing imperialist aggression and bullying of other countries, especially Third World countries."

The speaker noted three functions that the new Centre, located at 2061 University, is expected to fulfill:

- to act as "a stable place to serve as and information and propaganda centre". Periodicals, books, and other information relating to revolutionary struggles will be available.

- to deal with injustices by immigration officials and provide legal aid for immigrants.

- to link different Montreal groups and parties. The speaker noted, however, that the Centre is "not an alternate to other groups", but "only another level or reflection of them."

"It is important to emphasize," he continued, "that this Centre is not simply for the Committee, but is open to the use of any progressive group sympathetic to the Committee's role."

He concluded, "To the progress of liberation struggles in the Third World do we dedicate this Centre."

Representatives of a number of groups, including the China Friendship Society, the Mouvement Ouvrier Revolutionnaire, the Iranian Students' Association, and the Mouvement Revolutionnaire d'Etudiants du Quebec, expressed support and solidarity with the formation of the information centre.

Housman

"Shoulder the sky my lad, and drink your ale".

(Last Poems)

Shakespeare

"For a quart of ale is a dish for a king".

(The Winter's Tale)

Borrow

"Good ale, the true and proper drink..."

(Lavengro)

Browning

"There they are, my fifty men and women".

(One Word More)



poetic justice

Brewed in Quebec by Labatt Brewery Ltd.

MCGILL DAILY

DEPOT LEGAL BIBLIOTHEQUE NATIONALE

POSTAGE PAID IN CASH AT 3RD CLASS POSTAGE RATE PERMIT NO. 11024
RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED AT 3480 McTAVISH, MONTREAL.

by marsha fine
and jonathan lewis

Population is inversely proportional to freedom

The embryonic chapter of Montreal Zero Population Growth tried to hold its first organizational meeting Wednesday night, but cut off discussion of the issues it had advertised in the *Daily* — "population / pollution / growth economy / technology / conservation / environmental quality."

People who wished to challenge the fundamental principle of the group — that all the world's problems are derived from over-population — were asked to leave, after exposing several inaccuracies the group is attempting to promote.

Amongst these was the idea "that children in small families tend to be brighter, bigger and taller, more creative and more mentally stable and independent." This statement, blatantly underlined in a reprinted psychiatrist's article titled "The Case for Small Families," was received unfavorably by the audience.

The article divorces problems of emotional instability from the economic conditions of the individual's class background, basing its claims on a study of IQ's.

The article also claims that "the number of children in the family affects the intelligence at each economic level and that children from small families consistently outscore those from big families in the same income bracket."

ZPG maintains that population will continue to grow until it is too late to do anything but die. One piece of ZPG literature includes a graph which attempts to show how over-consumption of natural resources is caused by too many people in "this small world of ours."

One student challenged the idea that the world's population is growing. In fact, he pointed out, there has been a decrease in recent years. A ZPG organizer responded by describing this decrease as a "minor fluctuation." He would not elaborate on this statement however.

ZPG also considers "crime, pestilence, pollution, famine, and war" a result of the "population problem."

The famine issue is a myth, contended several students. Using India as an example, they pointed out that racist attitudes made a special case out of In-

Continued on page 3



daily photo by michael pollak

A REPRESENTATIVE of the Afro-Asian Latin American People's Solidarity Committee at yesterday's announcement of the opening of a "Third World Centre" on University Street. See story on page 3.

by andrew phillips

Nixon visit seen as blow to U.S.

The visit of US president Nixon to the People's Republic of China was yesterday characterized as "a testimony to the decline of the imperialist position and the rise of the revolutionary position over the last 22 years" at a forum at McGill sponsored by the Afro-Asian Latin American People's Solidarity Movement.

A speaker from the Solidarity Movement explained that "for the past twenty years the im-

perialists have tried to ignore China, and now they are forced to go to Peking."

"To show that what China is doing is nothing new," the speaker described the origins of socialist foreign policy. In 1916, "Lenin laid down the policy that the very nature of a socialist country must be one of peace, because its foundations, unlike those of capitalist countries, are not based on exploitation and profit-seeking at the expense of

others."

The speaker quoted Lenin, writing in 1919: "That is the way it always is - when the enemy's beaten, he begins talking peace."

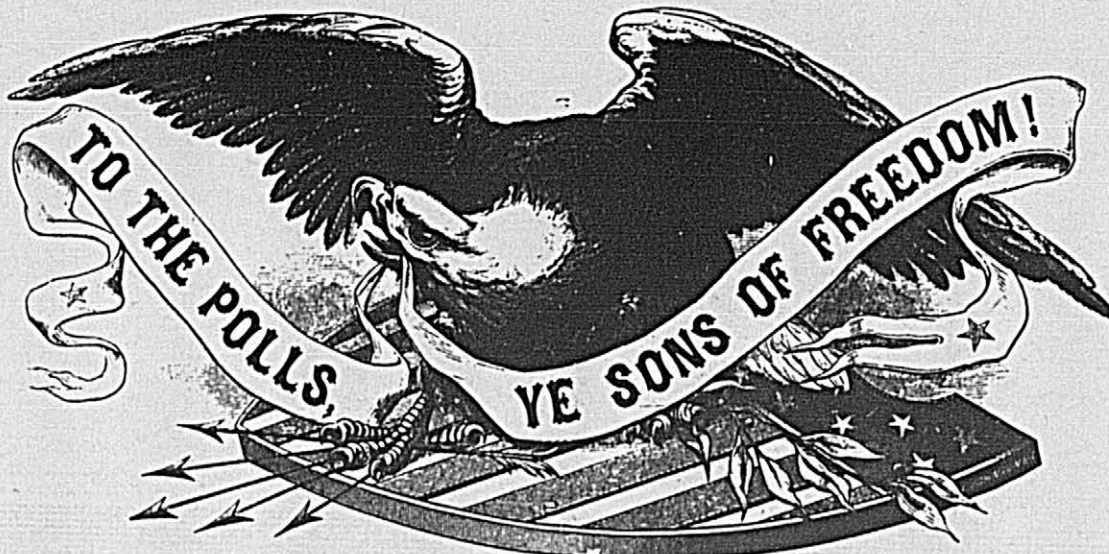
He emphasized that China is following the original policy of defending socialism while seeking cordial relations with other countries, and that the Nixon visit means that "oppressed people should intensify their struggles."

The "co-existence" policies of China and the Soviet Union were compared, and the Solidarity Movement spokesman charged that the USSR "has given up revolution for co-existence," citing Khrushchev's speech to the United Nations General Assembly: "The USSR and the United States can march hand in hand to work for the peace and progress of all humanity."

This attitude was contrasted to that of China since it entered the UN. A member of the audience stated that China "has not compromised on any basic issues", and has taken a "totally unyielding stand".

"For the first time," he continued, "Afro-Asians have stood up in the UN and told Nixon what they really think of him."

The Movement speaker con-
Continued on page 5



ARISE ye wretched Arts and Science Students. Evolutionize ASUS by casting your ballot today at one of the many polls located (again) around campus.

STAFF MEETING

There will be a meeting of all *Daily* staff members today at 4 pm in our plush basement suite. Bring your own champagne.

LEAN AND HUNGRY/BY GEORGE KOPP

FRABJOUS
DAVE HERE
IN DOWNTOWN
MONTREAL WITH
NERO ZEROHERO
OF THE MINISTRY
OF INTERNAL
AFFAIRS,
WEATHER
DIVISION.

MR. ZEROHERO,
WHAT
WOULD
YOU CALL
THIS
WEATHER?

BLOODY
AWFUL,
FRAB.

I MEAN,
IT'S NOT
REALLY
SNOW,
IS IT?

NOPE.

IT'S
MORE
LIKE
HAIL.

YOU'RE
GETTING
WARMER.

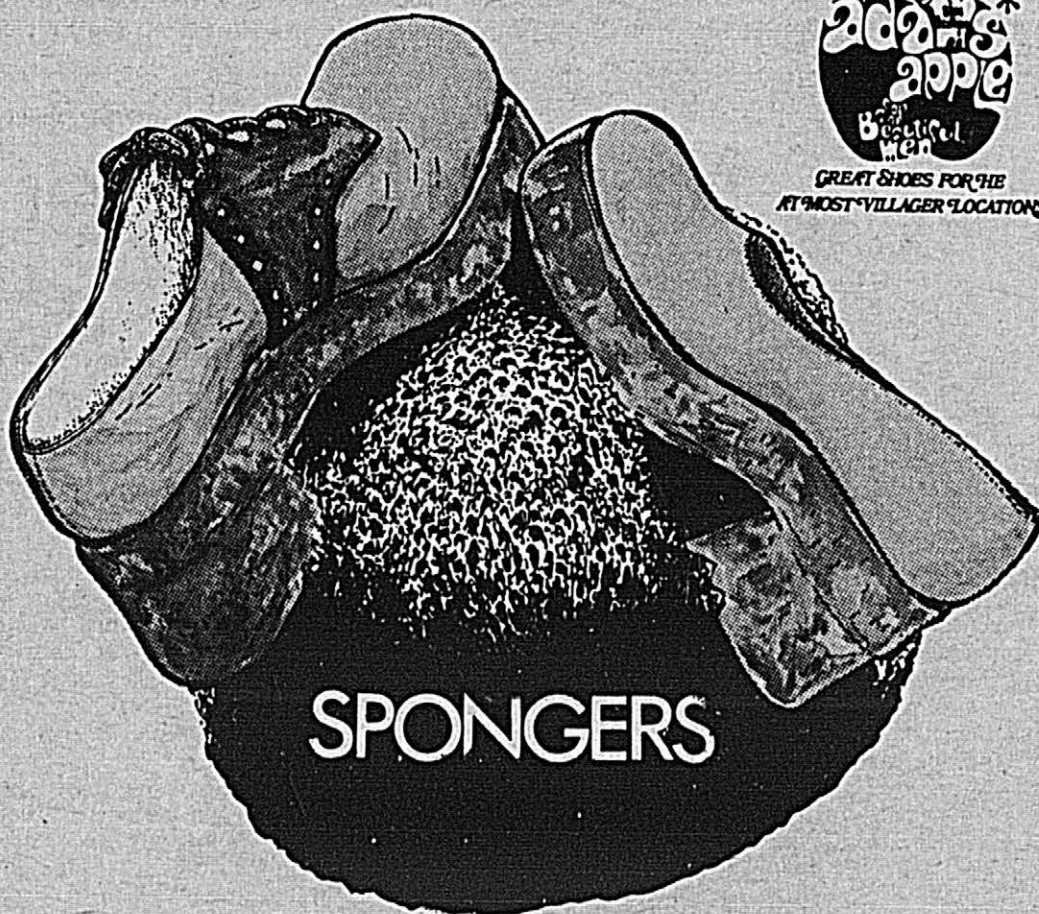
IS IT
SLEET?

YOU'RE RIGHT!!
AND HERE'S NATALIE
WITH YOUR
PRIZE, A BOUND
VOLUME OF
PARLIAMENTARY
DEBATES ON
THE
WEATHER
QUESTION.

YOUR
GOVERN-
MENT
REMINDS
YOU THAT
EXPOSURE
TO SLEET
PELLETS
CAUSES PER-
MANENT
BRAIN DAMAGE.
PLEASE PROCEED
TO THE NEAR-
EST POLICE
STATION. THANK
YOU.



the Villager shoe shoppes



SPONGERS

by Hanna Shoe Corp.

Saddle Tie on Sponger Sole:

Rust Suede with Black Suede
Denim Blue Suede with Red Suede
Yellow leather with Blue Suede
only \$19.00

Slip-In on Sponger Sole:

Denim Blue Suede
Red Suede
Black Kid Leather
only \$18.00

Open Thursday and Friday Nites
C.O.D. orders accepted. Credit and Chargex cards honored

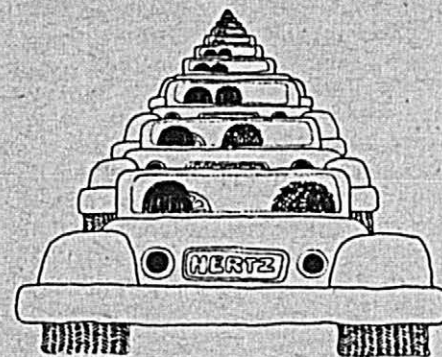
5218 Queen Mary Rd.
Fairview Shopping Centre
6621 St. Hubert St. Plaza

1325 St. Catherine St. W.
Place Ville Marie
1478 Peel St.

Place Victoria
Les Galeries d'Anjou
110 Sparks St. Mall
(Ottawa)

* "Design and Word Trade Marks in Canada of the Villager Shoe Shoppes Ltd."

Students over 21 can go as far as they like this weekend...



in a Hertz car.

Unlimited free mileage on economy models is what we're offering. Bigger cars, you get the first 400 miles free. As long as the driver is 21 or over — no problem at Hertz. Four of you can cram into a Ford Pinto and drive it from Friday noon to Monday at 9 a.m. for less than \$4 per head, per day. For a bigger car — well, just see below.

At our Dominion Square location only. Call 866-8621

Rates for entire weekend. Gasoline and Insurance not included

Pintos	\$29.95	Unlimited free mileage
Mavericks etc.	\$34.95	Unlimited free mileage
Torinos etc.	\$37.95	First 400 miles free, 12¢ each additional mile.
Galaxie 500's, etc.	\$43.50	First 400 miles free, 13¢ each additional mile.



Population. . .

Continued from page 1

dia. Starvation, they maintained, was a result of the unequal distribution of food, not of overpopulation. Famines had begun with foreign domination; in fact India had not had its first regional famine until ten years after the first British invasion. People in Calcutta are starving as rats feed on grain stored until prices are high enough for profitable disposal.

Robert Goodland, a McGill geography professor and organizer of ZPG, agreed that there was a problem related to

distribution, but added "If people had never been brought into this world, they would not be dying now."

Another of ZPG's beliefs is that Canada is in danger of overpopulation and should restructure its immigration policy to balance immigration with emigration. It was pointed out that Canada is not in any such danger and that to "protect Canada for Canadians as a means to prevent this ultimate crisis is wrong since it assumes ability to overcome problems "caused" by overpopulation, and since it is virtually a "keep Canada White" promotion.

Discussion developed along these lines and reached a crucial stage when one student in-

sisted that the information being passed off as facts by the ZPG was misleading. He and several others urged further examination of the issue, including a hard look at the basic assumptions of overpopulation causing problems.

Requests for an open forum in the near future were received favorably by the ZPG people, who then asked the dissenters to leave so that "organizational" work, i.e. bureaucratic discussion of mail costs for circulars, could proceed.

The "troublemakers" left, but there remained people dissatisfied with the basic principles and unwilling to engage in ZPG activity without further background activity. It was

agreed that the group meet once more to get facts straight since "they can shoot our arguments full of holes" before the open forum and to prepare some kind of defense against the forum-suggesters.

Perhaps the degree of commitment of the people who stayed to join, about 10 out of 60, was best summed up by a new recruit who claimed: "In my gut I feel population is a problem."

by andrew phillips

Third World Centre opens

The opening of a "Third World Centre" under the Auspices of the Afro-Asian Latin American People's Solidarity Committee was announced yesterday at a meeting of over 60 people, held in the Union building.

A solidarity Committee spokesman hailed the Centre as "definitely a step forward in political activities opposing imperialist aggression and bullying of other countries, especially Third World countries."

The speaker noted three functions that the new Centre, located at 2061 University, is expected to fulfill:

- to act as "a stable place to serve as and information and propaganda centre". Periodicals, books, and other information relating to revolutionary struggles will be available.

- to deal with injustices by immigration officials and provide legal aid for immigrants.

- to link different Montreal groups and parties. The speaker noted, however, that the Centre is "not an alternate to other groups", but "only another level or reflection of them."

"It is important to emphasize," he continued, "that this Centre is not simply for the Committee, but is open to the use of any progressive group sympathetic to the Committee's role."

He concluded, "To the progress of liberation struggles in the Third World do we dedicate this Centre."

Representatives of a number of groups, including the China Friendship Society, the Mouvement Ouvrier Revolutionnaire, the Iranian Students' Association, and the Mouvement Revolutionnaire d'Etudiants du Quebec, expressed support and solidarity with the formation of the information centre.

Housman

"Shoulder the sky my lad, and drink your ale".

(Last Poems)

Shakespeare

"For a quart of ale is a dish for a king".

(The Winter's Tale)

Borrow

"Good ale, the true and proper drink..."

(Lavengro)

Browning

"There they are, my fifty men and women".

(One Word More)



poetic justice

Brewed in Quebec by Labatt Brewery Ltd.

THE QUIET REVOLUTION CONTINUES

Amongst other things, the Quiet Revolution has brought us Hydro-Québec, special status, the two nations, and foremost, les Québécois. Until then limited to residents of the provincial capital, this word has taken a meaning that few can pretend to have rendered acceptable to a majority, or even to a large minority, so numerous are the interpretations offered to us. Some French Canadians reject it: "Québécois . . . me fait rugir. Nous ne sommes pas Québécois, mais Canadiens. Québec n'est qu'une ville, le Canada, c'est la patrie," says 88-year old Eugène Achard, no doubt the spokesman of a lot of old school nationalists. But their number is dwindling so we should consider those who accept the term and see what meaning they attach to it.

As any student of Québec probably knows, the amount of literature devoted to the Quiet Revolution and its aftermath is formidable; every ideologue has conceptualized Québec according to his particular scheme of interpretation, a remarkable feat if one is to consider the diversity of the ideological stream.

Pierre Vallières has produced a good Marxist interpretation of the history of French Canada in his *Nègres blancs d'Amérique*; unfortunately, he is not very elaborate on the Quiet Revolution, making his the now standard denunciation: the sole benefactors of the Lesage régime are the petit-bourgeois and their American masters, not the Québec workers. He nonetheless recognizes that: "La révolution tranquille libéra des énergies insoupçonnées jusque-là et les Libéraux réformistes furent les instruments inconscients d'une agitation sociale sans précédents. Toutes les couches de la société, toutes les classes se situèrent par rapport à leur condition présente et par rapport à leurs intérêts fondamentaux." The "new" Vallières gives more importance to the sixties, as his joining the Parti Québécois shows.

And the other end of the political spectrum, the traditional nationalists, those who supported Duplessis, interpret the current nationalist wave as the final

steps towards the glorious destiny that awaits French Canada: "Plaise à Dieu que tous les groupes de jeunesse s'attendent au réalisable immédiatement: à la création d'un Etat français dans le Québec . . . Cette jeunesse résolue elle est prête aujourd'hui." René Chaloult wrote this in 1969 . . .

With the exception of Réal Caouette, for whom the Quiet Revolution is just an expensive infatuation, politicians have rendered a positive judgment on the past few years; writes Robert Bourassa: "One can distinguish six important realizations of the Quiet Revolution: 1. The economy of the province is in much better shape than it was 10 years ago; 2. Québec has become more democratic, more open . . . ; 3. There has been a positive change in English Canadian attitudes towards Québec; 4. The emergence of a separatist party will force the "indépendantistes" to get down to facts and figures, not solely dreams and images; 5. The Quiet Revolution has produced the team of French Canadians now reforming the federal government; 6. It has democratized (?) the Union nationale. It is interesting to note that for Bourassa, the Quiet Revolution is not going to benefit the separatist option; so thinks his mentor Trudeau, but in much cruder terms: "Depuis 1962, on se pette les bretelles. Puis on va finir par se peller la gueule."

The politicians are not the only ones in to integrate the new Québec to their platitudes or to try to match it with their vision of things. We have even been offered a Freudian interpretation of it. Doctor Jacques Lazure divides the Revolution in three different ones affecting the young Québécois ego, super-ego and id; these revolutions are academic, socio-political and sexual. Even the priest has something to contribute, and when one knows the importance he had in French Canadian society up to very recently, one should be interested in what he has to say: "Québécois are caught up in a collision of three world views: the sacral, the secular, the utopian. The first one promises heaven; the second one says there is no heaven; the third promises heaven on earth. The result of this collision of world views is a collective identity crisis." (Canon Jacques de Grand'Maison)

It has often been said that Québec is the meeting place of three cultures: the French, the British and the American. Another writer to share a threefold view of

contemporary Québec is McGill political science professor Daniel Latouche: "Québec has had to face, since 1960, 1) the problems of a developing society such as Peru, Ghana or Thailand, 2) those of a modern society like France, Great Britain or the USSR, 3) and already the ones of a post-modern society, such as the one that exists in California or in the mind of certain groups of the American people, the young."

We could obviously go on quoting for a long time, but we would not find what the characteristics of the Québec of the Quiet Revolution are, or what makes it different from other societies. Some argue that the Quiet Revolution is dead, having lasted the six years of Lesage administration; I disagree: it would be foolish not to relate the Parti Québécois to the Alliance Laurentienne, or the "Le Québec au Québecois" of the 1970 election to the "Maîtres chez nous" slogan of 1962. There has been a lot of fluctuation in terms of political and social achievements, but no rupture. As we have seen, different trends have appeared within the evolutionary movement, trends not always accepted, as the recent conversion of Pierre Vallières demonstrates; those who expected a fast revolution, or at least a Parti Québécois victory two years ago clearly fear that the movement towards independence will lose momentum, or will divide itself in powerless factions. The fact is, that with time, the meaning of the word Québécois has become less precise and is bound to assume a totally depoliticized significance. What does it really mean? If all those born in the province are Québécois, then most McGill governors fit in the category. Add French as the mother tongue, it still leaves Pierre Elliott Trudeau on our list . . . On the other hand, Paul Unterberg, scion of a prominent Jewish family, considers himself, and is considered by many, to be a Québécois, just as a growing number of young WASPs who have lost faith in the American Dream, genuine or Canadian version.

Poet Jean-Guy Pilon summarizes well the dilemma facing Québécois: ". . . Quelle étrange ambition dans une vie d'homme de vouloir apprivoiser le nom de son pays et de se le répéter jusqu'à l'amour! L'amour qui n'est jamais définitivement acquis . . ." In this search for a country of their own, the Québécois associate themselves with all those

who share a similar need; says Gilles Vigneault: "When the word Canada was inserted in the English version of *Mon Pays*, I felt deceived. I left it ambiguous so it would be useful to more people — to any one on this planet who needs a name for his country. When a singer from France injected the word Québec into the same song, I was furious!" Similarly, Robert Charlebois mentions Ottawa and Toronto in one of his numbers, doing it without the acrimony that would have been expected from most separatists of the middle sixties. Does it indicate indifference or maturity? Probably the latter; the desire for an independent Québec has lost a lot of its anglophobic flavour and for the kids who haunt the pubs in Old Montreal, it has adopted a very special significance, a very different appeal: French Canadians are all hippies, once wrote McLuhan, and those kids are here to prove it. But on the other hand, Arnold Toynbee has described the Canadians as very ethnocentric, the most impermeable culture in the world, along with the Chinese. These two contrasting views illustrate what Gérard Pelletier called "feu l'unanimité", although he only had French Canadian thinkers in mind. After centuries of self-imposed repression, they have decided to look elsewhere, to challenge the "official doctrine" and to examine alternatives, with much ingenuity. The danger, a grave one, is that the movement be limited to a mere "examen de conscience" and that no action follow up. There has been no rupture up to now, but it is difficult to discard that possibility altogether and as wrote Pierre Vadboncoeur in 1962, ". . . jusqu'à quel point la virtuosité verbale sera-t-elle l'objet de notre complaisance et nous contenterons-nous de l'apparence de réalité révolutionnaire qu'elle fournit?" The Union Nationale of 1935 and the Bloc Populaire of 1942 carried with them an emotional appeal that was never to materialize. Circumstances are today much more favorable, but the upcoming federal elections will show that the federalist option is not that unpopular and may even discredit the "souverainistes" as true spokesmen for Québec, at least for a couple of years. If there is to be a birth, or to use Vadboncoeur's own word, a renaissance, it better come soon, for too long a gestation means death, both for the mother and for the child.

Alain Contant

LETTERS

To Mr. Vance, some smooth answers

Sir,

Here are your "smooth and evasive answers". For a start, 2001 was cancelled after a month discussion after which time it was decided that it would ultimately be in the better interests of McGill Film Society and the students to cancel the film. The distributor was asking an outrageous price for the film, and if we had accepted, the price of future films from them and other distributors would have been higher. Also all tickets were refunded at the Box Office at the Students' Society Office.

As for M.A.S.H. we feel in some way a sense of pride, as ours was the only public event, to our knowledge, that was not cancelled on that Saturday night due to the storm. We question your source of information

concerning a minimum requirement of 50 people to make the show worthwhile for us. In truth, the projectionist who lives in Rosemere decided to try and make it home to his family the same evening. He had earlier spent three hours to come downtown. In compensation, we obtained the Union Ballroom on 5 minutes notice and projected a highly regarded Chaplin film free of charge. However we regret any inconvenience caused.

Finally on Satyricon it has always been our policy to admit all those people who want to go in so that they might have the opportunity to see the film. We are quite sympathetic with your comments concerning the noise makers, however we do not like to exert our authority on such matters as it causes resentment. We prefer to leave it their peers (apparently apathetic) to control them. Concerning the projectionist's remarks, after completing announcements a

representative of the Film Soc. assumed his regular position at the top of the stairs.

As a final remark, the film Society has always recommended that people attend the first show as it usually is with a smaller and more refined audience.

McGill Film Society

And for the first time, 100% pure pork

Sir,

A number of years ago a certain English city used the "electoral pig" system to choose its mayor. The mayor was elected by the simple process of seating all the candidates for office in a circle, and placing in the lap of each, a pan of beans. Into the center of this circle was introduced a pig. The outcome of the election was determined by the choice of this "electoral pig". Whoever held the pan of beans from which the pig first ate was declared mayor.

There is certainly no reason why such a system could not be used at McGill. Obviously this

system is more democratic than the one currently used to pick our student leaders. As well, the "electoral pig" system would satisfy those critics who condemn student apathy and the political maneuverings of an activist elite. Furthermore, the expense of an election could be done away with and the money put to better use. As another example of how economical this scheme is, the "electoral pig" can be served in the cafeteria along with the beans, of course, as a "Thursday Special". If it is not possible to procure a real live "electoral pig", substitute in the form of a blind-folded Bennett Little could be used; although I doubt if he would make as delectable a "Thursday Special" as a pig.

David Saffran BA 4

JC draws a penalty

Sir,

Ernie Sheffield (Sheffield?), who claims to be a "coward" and runs scared shitless twixt Minneapolis and Mineola, tells us that "The gentle Jesus had a

better idea".

What better idea? Like "I come to bring not peace, but a sword"? This is from the best-seller "War is Peace", often called the "Holy Bible" and used extensively as textual matter for the Hollywood violence spectacles; and let's not have you bible-noodniks try to come with your hangups, misinterpretations and pretentious scholarship (you who wear the reversed stiff collars are doing so because you've got a cervical vertebra problem).

From what I know, having made the scene in a previous incarnation as a reporter for the *Jerusalem Daily Worker* (M-L), JC was a PR man for the Wilkinsword cartel, which of late has been beating its swords into razor blades, and possibly switchblades on the side. But he got too activist, was canned and later executed for preaching violent overthrow of the order then extant.

Ron Fleischman

the Lower Canada Review of Arts and Politics

FRIDAY, MARCH 3, 1972



MOVIN' OUT TO THE COUNTRY

by karl nerenberg

Someday the psychologists will come. And, with them, will be the sociologists, agricultural economists and cultural anthropologists.

They'll camp in well-equipped trailers, buy their supplies at the local general store, wear sunglasses, neatly trimmed beards and pressed beige dungarees, and they'll all smoke a little grass rolled in flavoured paper before eating or screwing, but never while working.

They'll be an earnest lot . . . nice, sincere people who never raise their voices at their kids, who allow their students to choose their own grades, and who always pay their rent on time.

The locals — the people who work in the stores and gas stations — will think they're tourists and will try to milk them for every cent they can get. The people they come to study won't so readily pigeonhole them: some will be suspicious, thinking they're from the government; others will be warm and friendly, thinking of them as potential converts to the New Way; and yet others will be awestruck, as country people often are at city people's worldliness and verbal fluency.

The people they'll be coming to study are the communards — the apostles of a new age of harmonious living-with-nature, the last desperate hope for the American dream.

The boys from "Life" have already been there: they got their Grant Wood style photos of bearded boys in overalls holding pitchforks and of buxom girls in granny glasses and peasant dresses, and they wrote their glowing accounts of the Second Frontier.

CBC crews also dropped by; but they didn't push the 'frontier' angle so much as the 'getting-away-from-urban-civilization-doing-your-own-thing' bit. They also got some nice shots of the blue waters off the B.C. coast and of a mother and child sitting nice and comfy in their homemade Fuller dome.

If the commune movement amounts to nothing else, it will have been the biggest journalistic goldmine since rolling over Niagara Falls in a beer barrel went out of fashion. And the great thing about communes, from the journalistic point of view, is that they can be treated with almost any slant. New lifestyles, group sex, return to the way our forefathers did it, dope, violence and anarchy, piety (praising the sun in the morning and

praying to Jesus in the evening): they all work and there's something in all of them to shock, tug the heartstrings, or jolt the mental apparatus of the complacent reader or viewer.

Be that as it may, however, communes — or at least some of them — are a serious concern. The people who set them up and live in them intend to stay and raise their children in communes, and, there is no doubt that they are developing some kind of alternative to the society that most of us — with varying degrees of reluctance or enthusiasm — are part of.

The pundits may not have found categories for it yet, but, for a lot of kids all over the continent, the Commune functions as a powerful alternate myth to the 'given reality'. It hovers in the shadowy areas of peoples' minds, a kind of Final Solution to the constantly growing sense of dislocation, disaffiliation and ennui.

"What do I want to do? Oh, I don't know. Finish school maybe. Work for a while, I guess . . . save some money, get together with some people, buy some land in the country . . ."

"I can take this job for a while, man, but as soon as I get some money together I'm movin' out to the country . . ."

"We've read up on vegetable gardening and we got the government pamphlet on how to operate a fish pond. We even built a small model dome in the back yard . . . As soon as spring comes, we'll be ready to start working on our land."

My personal experiences with communes span both sides of the border and occurred at different times during the last three years. But there was one experience a few summers ago that left a strange and unsettling impression on me.

I was hitching up through Oregon with a couple of guys I had met in California: David, the sandyhaired, blue-eyed son of a Jewish dentist in Lincoln Nebraska, who was reading Alan Watts and teaching himself to play the harmonica; and Jacques, a skinny law-student from Paris, with stubble beard and sunken eyes. Jacques had been travelling with some French friends of his, but had somehow lost them in the mob scene around Big Sur. When we met in Marin County and he found that I could communicate with him in his own language, he latched on to me. David was planning to visit France in the fall and so it suited

continued on page two

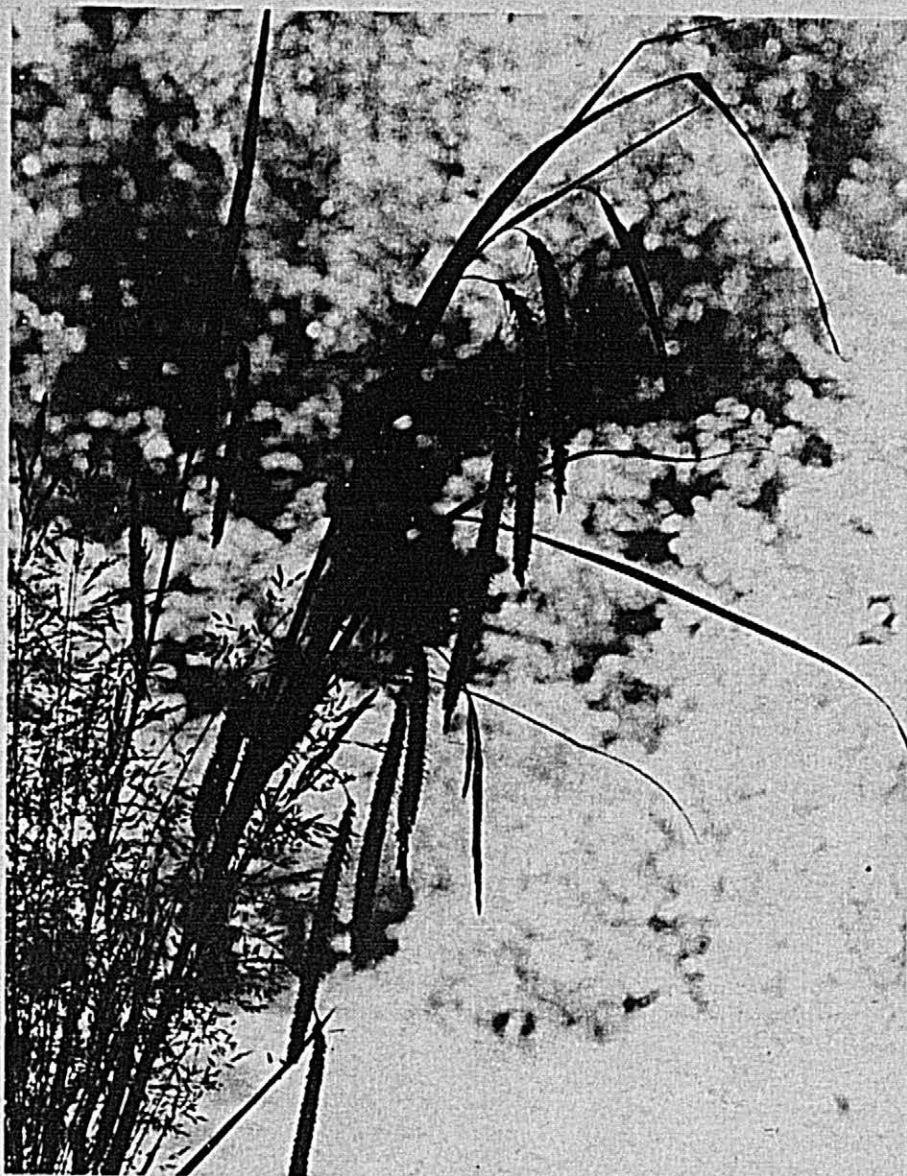
The LCRAP is the weekly supplement of the McGill Daily.
All contributions are welcome — graphics, poetry and prose.
Our address is 3480 McTavish, rm B41; phone: 392-8921

Editor
Associate editors

Karl Nerenberg
Michael Terrin
Phyllis Platt
Brian Segal

Art

photo by John marrett



his purposes to travel with a couple of people who spoke French most of the time.

When we stumbled across our first commune we had been painfully inching our way through Oregon on 15-20 mile lifts from truckdrivers, salesmen and lonely middle aged women. It was around seven in the evening, somebody had just deposited us at a gas station near a place called Canyonville, and we were trying to decide whether to stay on the road or make camp for the night. A couple of guys in a Volkswagen, one with longhair and beard, the other clean-shaven with close cropped hair, drove up and invited us to stay at their commune.

Arriving at the farm as the sun was setting, we felt as though we had been transported into an otherworldly rural idyll. We had just spent three weeks on the streets of San Francisco, among the houseboats of Sausalito and in a monotonously uniform array of roadside restaurants and service stations, and here we were in this lush, green valley, surrounded on all sides by misty, blue mountains.

There were groves of apple, pear and plum trees; an underground spring for water; a vegetable garden with carrots, zucchini, onions and tomatoes; and six goats, yielding a daily supply of fresh milk. Just about the first thing we did when we got there was drink some fresh goats' milk — it tasted richer and sweeter than cows' milk. Then, intoxicated by the mountain air, we pranced through the fruit groves, picking apples and pears and eating them as we went.

Among a lot of people who travel around with no particular sense of purpose or destination, there's a tendency toward offhand, cynical putdowns on the order of: "Yakima Washington, nice place to settle down, plant some roots . . ." But here, among the pears, goats and mountains, "nice place to settle down" was uttered with overtones of genuine belief. It was as though we had

seen the True and Beautiful face of God and were ready to make our peace with Him and forevermore forswear chewing gum, late movies, underarm deodorant all other temptations of the Technological Devil.

As it turned out, of course, what we first saw was not exactly a true picture of what was actually there. Had it been, I wouldn't be sitting at this typewriter, scratching my armpits and choking on a cheap cigar. I would be milking a goat, or hoeing the vegetable garden, or sitting in the peace and calm of the outhouse reading the Book of Mormon.

In this Great Universe of Ours no enterprise that includes a Human Element can be entirely pure and wholesome. And in the case of the Canyonville Commune, the Human Element consisted of:

Peter, a sprightly lad with flashing eyes and bulging muscles; Alice, Peter's docile wife; Joe, a small, sullen, guilt-ridden fellow; Ed, a homespun philosopher in full red beard and overalls; Larry, an acned and alienated youth from someplace in eastern megalopolis; Sam, a cleancut, wiry boy who never stopped smiling; and, John, the undisputed Father Figure, a tall and strangely graceful figure, with fully-developed Jesus Christ style hair and beard.

It was John, as might be expected, who set the tone for the group. And that tone could summed up in two words: piety and self-denial. Joe, the guilt-ridden one, was not so much an aberration as an undisguised expression of what the others hid. Behind the earthy and vibrant exterior of this commune there was a sombre and earnest interior; within the body of Breugels there lurked a soul of pure Calvin.

When in a misanthropic mood, I am attracted to the thesis that any human community — be it a nuclear family in suburban Montreal, a primitive tribe in the Amazon basin, or the Peoples' Republic of China — is held together by the glue of some kind of shared guilt. Human beings

do not associate with one another in order to gratify aesthetic or spiritual impulses; rather, they do so in order to lessen the burden of their own compulsions, fears and insecurities. They huddle together, as it were, seeking in the group protection from their individual selves.

Guilt, according to this thesis, is behind the urge to accumulate and save, the need to identify oneself with some Body Politic, and the tendency to renounce immediate gratification in the interests of the future generations. Our society — the advanced industrial society, the technological Leviathan — is regarded as the ultimate paradigm of a structure held together by shared guilt. Imperialism, pollution, depersonalization, the high price of Polish Vodka: all, we are to believe, are but external manifestations of underlying guilt.

A seductive thesis, indeed. Would you be prepared to argue otherwise?

But here's the rub. The Commune has been touted as the Way Out — the guiltless society. No compulsions, no neuroses; no exploitation, no 'false needs'; and no repressive desublimation. A free and natural community, with human beings living in blissful harmony with the soil and the trees, and in mutually polymorphous sexuality with each other.

And on this commune in Oregon, what did we find?

Well — all the members of the group, save Alice and Larry, originally came from a place called Stockton, which, we were told, is not far from Sacramento. And back in Stockton they all had one thing in common: they were all heavily into various and sundry forms of pollutant and corrosive. Acid, mesc, mda, meth, alcohol, nicotine, caffeine: you name it, and they did it, and did it big.

John, apparently, was the worst sinner. For eighteen months, they told us, he sat in the basement of his father's house and dropped a tab of acid and shot up some speed every six hours. What demons must have invaded his soul, what visions of hellfire and brimstone he must have had — it was impossible for us to imagine. And John, himself, did not possess the powers of articulation to describe them. Like a man who had come within a hair's breadth of drowning, his only vivid memory of the experience was of the moment of his rescue.

His rescue, and that of all the others, came when a good Christian from up north offered John and his friends a house and plot of land where they could go to live and heal their tormented souls with Nature's salve. In return for his generosity, the good Christian demanded only that they abide by a few simple rules: no drugs or intoxicants of any kind, no women not married to one of the members of the commune, regular daily prayer meetings.

And so, when they were not doing farming chores or warding off invasions of 'hard guys' (Viet Nam vets who had come home to find no jobs in the sagging logging industry) and local John Birchers, John, Sam, Larry, Ed, Joe, Alice and Peter were up in the attic of the house, which served as its chapel, praying and praying and praying away . . .

But surely, I hear the aggravated cry, this was not a typical commune? There must, I hear you say, be other types of communes: what about all those beautifully illustrated coffee table books that give a very different picture of commune life?

There are, indeed, several elaborately produced books on communes that, like

"Life", paint their picture in luminescent colours. That's what we want to read and so that's what the publishers give us. There is however one book — or, more accurately, a pamphlet on communes which is itself produced by commune dwellers and ought to be read by anyone interested in the subject.

The pamphlet is called: A Descriptive List Of Intentional Communities. It is co-authored by 35 communities, compiled by the Heathcote Community in Maryland and printed at the Twin Oaks Community in Virginia.

The communes listed run the gamut from the New Vrindaban International Society for Krishna Consciousness ("We chant in order to further our Yoga process, through vibrations of the Maha Mantra . . . No meat eating, no gambling, no intoxication, no sex outside of marriage.") to the Ant Farm (a high technology oriented commune/network seeking higher consciousness . . .). In between there is everything from an all black commune in the deep south to a commune run by the New England Committee for Non Violent Action to the Religious Society of Families, a "neo-monastic religious society for the prevention of ecological cruelty to the Planet . . ."

And yet, though it is apparent that the communes differ greatly one from the other, there is an important similarity that many of them share. For a large number of the 'intentional communities' listed, their basic raison d'être is not a philosophical, moral or political revulsion at the horrors of contemporary urban society, but is rather some fixed and dogmatically expressed doctrine.

That doctrine might be something like fundamentalist Protestantism or Krishna Consciousness. Or, it could be a sui generis dogmatic fanaticism like that of the Fort Hill Community in Massachusetts, which describes itself in the following terms:

Fort Hill is not for casual visitors and curious onlookers. People who come here must be prepared to lose everything they hang on to for themselves and to become totally committed to something they don't even understand. We destroy and rebuild each other every day.

Maybe I'm just a stodgy, old bourgeois rationalist, but this "totally committed to something they don't even understand" bit just rubs me the wrong way. It's the kind of logic that appeals to the mind of a general or Grand Inquisitor, and I'm at a loss to understand what it has to do with the commune movement.

'Come on people now smile on your brother, everybody get together, try to love one another right now.'

If there is a sane and healthy tendency among communes, it is strongest right here in Canada. The communes in Seschelt Peninsula and Saturna Island in B.C., in southern Ontario and in the Maritimes are, in my experience, refreshingly free of pious and stifling doctrine.

Out in Seschelt, which is the area I know best, they don't spend their days and nights in prayer, self-criticism and expiation. To the contrary — they sing, dance and fuck in a natural and free spirit. They also drink lots of wine and powerful homemade beer and smoke the mellow locally grown grass.

I hope to hell that the minions of 'moral uplift' never make it to the peninsula, because when I come to the end of my tether — as I inevitably shall — that's where I've been planning to go.

by george lewinski

THE HOOVER

Laura Secord: the Legend and the Lady
by Ruth McKenzie
McClelland and Stewart \$4.95

A short time ago, I heard York University's John Saywell tell a CBC radio audience that Canada is noticeably poor in national heroes.

He said it may be due to the lack of a revolutionary tradition, which is a fertile womb for larger-than-life figures; or else to the amorphous, a-national nature of Canada — at least four regions and two cultures; or even that Canadian historians are unconcerned with building heroic figures for public consumption (Donald Creighton tried with John A. MacDonald, but neither the Maritimes nor Quebec remember the first prime minister with any great warmth).

But for whatever reason, it's indisputable that Canadian mythology has no one of the stature of Nelson, Napoleon, Cromwell, Washington, Jeanne d'Arc, Peter the Great or even King William (who as every Londonderry apprentice knows stuck it to the Catholics).

That's why a book like Ruth McKenzie's *Laura Secord: the Legend and the Lady* is refreshing. Not only is it well-written, a quality not usual in popular history, but it does a good job in rehabilitating a genuine, 14-carat Canadian heroine.

Most people identify Mrs. Secord with the constipated-looking lady staring out of boxes of French mints, or, at best, have a fuzzy recollection of the War of 1812, a cow and a long walk.

Well, there was no cow.

McKenzie says that part of the story was a fabrication by one William F. Coffin, who in 1864, wrote *1812: the War and Its Moral* and people liked the homely image of the cow and made it a key part of the story.

As far as the walk and the warning, they were quite remarkable accomplishments.

The sporadic action that took place in what is now northwestern New York south of Lake Ontario was a microcosm of that fitful and inconsequential War of

1812, the most famous battle of which took place in New Orleans after the war was officially over.

Briefly, Laura Secord found out about a surprise attack that an American force was planning on an isolated outpost manned by 50 regulars, 15 militia and a small group of Indians. The outpost was at a place called De Cew's Falls and Laura walked 20 miles through dense bush to deliver the warning.

When the 500 Americans, sure of republican virtue, God's protection and the element of surprise marched up to the outpost June 30, 1813, they were badly beaten and many were captured. Unfortunately, the real combatants, Indian allies from the Six Nations and Montreal, did not get credit for the victory. That was appropriated by an ambitious British officer, James Fitzgibbon.

Laura too was largely ignored. The Canadian government never recognized her, despite vigorous petitions. Her only reward was meeting the Prince of Wales and a small pension of 100 pounds. And even that came fifty years after the event.

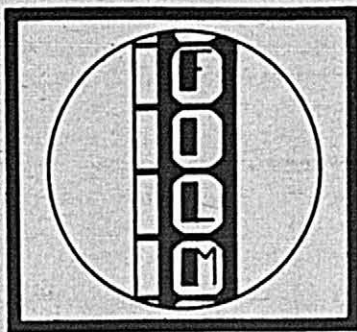
Laura Secord died in 1868 in Chipewawa, Ontario. Since then two monuments have been erected to her memory.

As the dust jacket of this short (143 pages) book notes, Laura Secord has been the butt of much ridicule in the past fifty years. Once historians destroyed the myth about the cow, they found nothing further to "investigate". Is this due to Canadian modesty, indifference to characters that didn't build railroads (and extorted fortunes from the Canadian people) or led governments (and extorted fortunes for their friends), or is it male chauvinism (I can't remember hearing much about Madeleine de Vercheres either). No matter.

During a period when the two Pierres — T. and V. — have disappointed many of their most rabid followers and this country is again looking askance at the people to the south, it may soothe to reflect upon Laura Secord and her little walk.

Ruth McKenzie has written a very readable, lively book that is worthy of her previous accomplishments as a local historian.

It's great for the general reader and even has a few footnotes to titillate the history major. Unfortunately it is published by that jerk-water house, McClelland and Stewart: the people that offer a \$100 bribe (sorry, prize) for a good review of one of their pieces of fiction. Drapeau offered \$10,000 for his big promotion: the Olympics.



by bill cosco

CABARET

For once, a movie musical has not only improved upon its stage predecessor, but has gone beyond it to become a conceptually brilliant serious film.

Cabaret, at the Snowdon, was critically hailed during a three year run on the New York stage, but was seriously marred by its concessions to the commercial theatre. The makers of this movie version have wisely eliminated all the schmaltz and soap opera from the musical, and have gone back to its original sources (principally, Christopher Isherwood's *Berlin Stories*) to create a deeper and stronger evocation of pre-Nazi Berlin. All song and dance numbers have been relegated to the stage of the sleazy Kit Kat Klub, sparing the viewer the loss of credibility that usually ensues when characters suddenly burst into song.

What we have instead is a musical commentary on the decaying society of that time.

The cheap, tawdry entertainment (including such delights as 2 lady wrestlers in a mud pit) is hosted by a grotesquely lacquered and leering "emcee" (Joel Grey, brilliantly recreating the stage role that won him a Tony award in 1968). Its "feature attraction" Sally Bowles, is an empty-headed, amoral girl who likes to consider herself "divinely decadent", and in so doing, manages to ignore the ugly changes going on all around her. Liza Minelli, as Sally, is excellent, especially when performing, exuding a "star quality" that resists unfavorable comparisons to her late mother, Judy Garland.

Sally has an affair with a reserved British student (Michael York) which eventually evolves into a bisexual ménage-

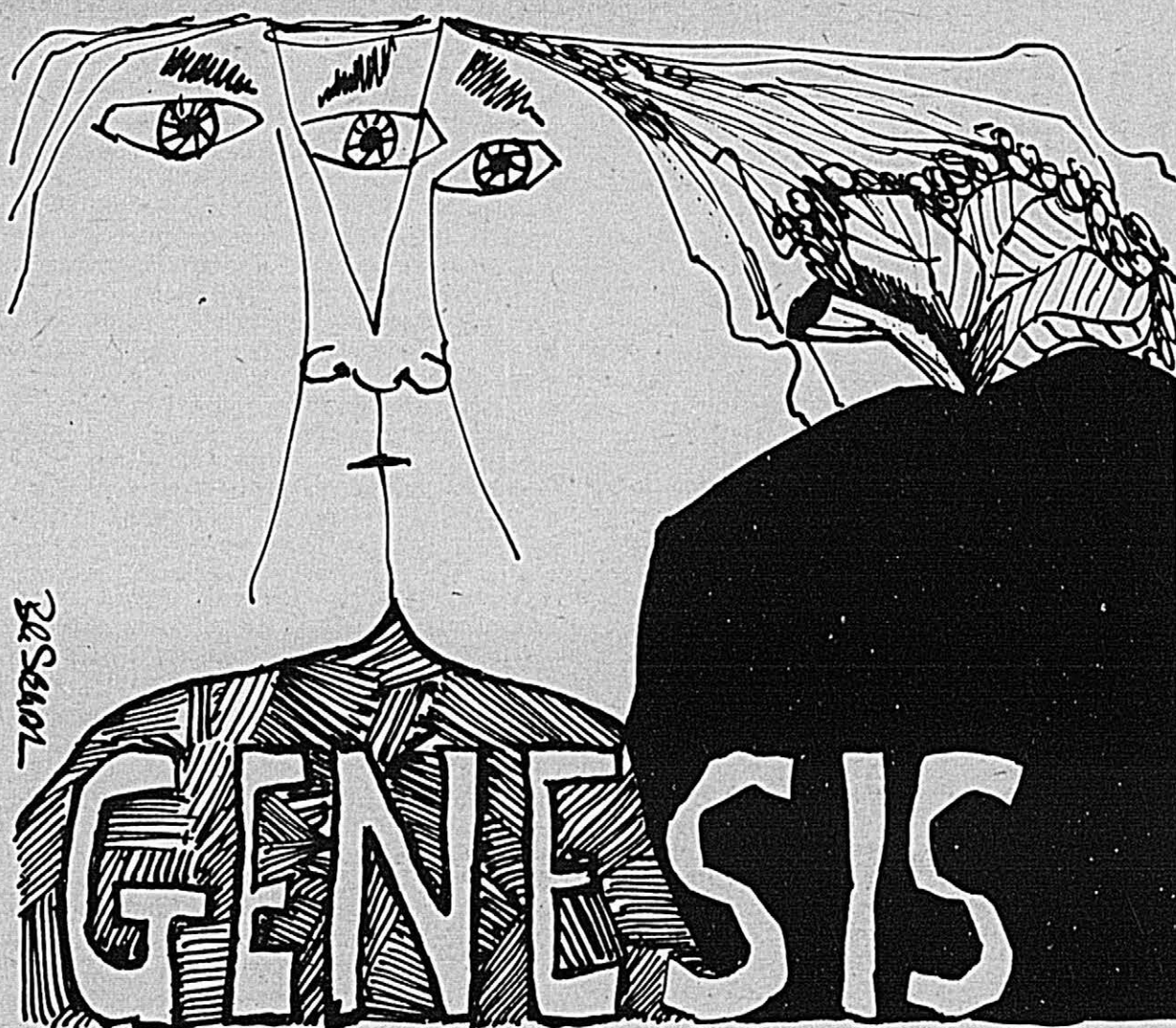
à-trois. York is essentially an "innocent" in this very "heavy" city, and wakes up to what is happening beneath the made gaiety in time to retreat back to England, leaving Sally (who still refuses to see beyond the stage lights) behind to "continue her career."

Marisa Berenson plays a rich, sensitive young Jewess who is soon to become a victim of the holocaust. She is involved in an especially amusing scene, in which attempts at a bilingual conversation with coarse Sally and a few others turns into an hilarious confusion of stiff, "Berlitz" phrases and unrecognized obscenities.

The song and dance sequences become more blatantly pro-Nazi and anti-Semitic as Swastika armbands appear in

ever increasing numbers in the audience. High kicks from the chorus line turn into goose-stepping; a patriotic song, "Tomorrow Belongs To Me", becomes an aggressive, mass-participation Nazi salute. At the end, when the emcee sings "Willkommen im Cabaret" (as he does to begin the film), his tone has become harsh ("We have no troubles here! Life is beautiful! . . ."), his voice and manner are now overtly menacing, and his audience is an entirely different one, as Berlin hurtles forward to the impending nightmare.

Cabaret succeeds chillingly in portraying this transition, and deserves considerable praise for creatively using the much-abused musical comedy form to do it.



by louis dibianco

August 15, 1971 - 5:45 P.M.

The IRT local made an agonizing, reluctant entry into the Astor Place station. After ten minutes of feigned beginnings, that abruptly ended in clanking spasmodic lurches forward, followed by hopeful revs of the engine, giving way to dead silence, it managed the three hundred feet of track between the two cave entrances. Succeeding, it jerked to a stop, announced its triumph and relief with a prolonged hissing sigh, then opened its overburdened sides to release the frustrated riders.

October 22, 1969 - 2:00 P.M.

Thirty-two energetic little bodies entered the humid classroom and chaotically seated themselves. To accommodate the bodies were two rows of four, large, rectangular slate tables with two metal chairs on either side of each table. Two pairs of bodies at each slab, each pair seated face to face. With this arrangement no one faced the front of the room, and those in back could effectively cut themselves off from all contact with the front. It was an ideal room for a home economics class of sixteen girls; two girls, standing or sitting at each table, could efficiently work with any materials and not cause a disturbance to others. For these thirty-two seventh graders, grouped together as "discipline problems" and "slow learners," it was disaster.

October 21, 1969 - 4:00 P.M.

Rita Cohen, assistant principal at P.S. 144, beamed her perpetual smile and absorbed each person with a glance of her hazel eyes that suggested a maddening world behind their gleam. In her parrot fashion she dispensed the hard-won cherished principles of efficient smooth-flowing education. "If you will simply remember to place some little warm-up exercise on the board before the children enter the room, they will be busy from the start, and the remainder of the period will run smoothly."

October 22, 1969 - 2:03 P.M.

Diane Cheeseboro's frail black arm waved frantically as the child nervously called, "Teacher, teacher, explain that to me again." Since the other students seemed occupied with their task, solving three short riddles, Marc walked to the last table, stood by the child and quietly began his explanation.

"Motherfucker, you stole my pencil!" bellowed Vivian

Rivera from the front of the room. Domingo's black devilish eyes shone, and the flawless brown skin of his cheeks was creased by two dimples as his perfect white teeth mocked Vivian with a grin. The middle finger of his right hand punctuated his response with a defiant gesture.

Just as Marc approached, Vivian torpedoed the full weight of her wrestler's body over and across the table, landing her fist on Domingo's nose. Blood trespassed the boy's lips and chin. The fist's dull thud was followed by a loud wail. A few tears mingled with the blood on Domingo's face; then he applied all his will to stop their flow.

He ran away from Marc and muttered a few inarticulate words through his sobs. He controlled his crying; then looked at Vivian who had run to the front of the room, around the teacher's desk, and was standing by the blackboard. "You cocksucker! You fat whore!" screamed Domingo. He grabbed a handball from little Vernon's table and sent it flying at Vivian's head.

She just smiled and stepped out of its way. She moved threateningly toward Domingo, but Marc was able to intervene by taking hold of her left arm. "Take your fucking hands off me whitey!" came her defiant response, as she violently jerked her arm several times. Marc just stared at her and tightened his grip. She tried to intimidate him with a look and another less spirited tug of her arm. She wasn't really struggling with Marc, and both of them knew it. She needed to feign a few more gestures for the benefit of the class. "Prick!" she scowled at Marc, and their eyes met. She liked this white teacher, though she could never admit it nor understand it. And she sensed that he liked her, which he did.

Vivian was subdued, the class quieted, and Domingo escorted to the nurse. Twenty-five minutes remained to the school day. Ten minutes more to puzzle over the riddles. Each head intently focused on a sheet of paper in front of it. Every hand busily writing. Most minds elsewhere, sensing the irrelevance of the riddles to their lives. Eager little Diane calling Marc again. Vernon Dortch furtively glancing at Marc's back, then tossing a piece of lead into Johnnie Collier's hair. The ten minutes passed. Dian's thin body excitedly bouncing on its seat, arm outstretched.

Marc called on her, and she proudly read her first answer. Her warm vulnerable smile turned to a frown, and tears filled her eyes as Vernon and five other boys started a taunting chorus of "Cheeseboro, Cheeseboro, Cheeseboro, Swiss cheese!" They repeated the phrase over and over again, and as Marc approached, the group at Vernon's table scattered in different directions.

Vernon jumped sideways from his chair, lost his balance, and fell on Teddy Rodrigues who was sitting at the adjacent table. Teddy pushed him violently to the ground, straddled his chest and began pounding wildly at his face, yelling, "I told you not to fuck with me, nigger!"

Marc grabbed Teddy's shoulders and tried lifting his short body off of Vernon. As light as Teddy was, he seemed fused to the helpless boy beneath him. Separating them was like uprooting a tree from its native soil.

More blood and tears wiped away: Another child to the nurse: Aroused energies contained: Surface order restored. The release buzzer sounded, and hundreds of small bodies faded into the obscurity of the ghetto.

August 15, 1971 - 5:45 P.M.

Many of these passengers had long ago resigned themselves to the daily reality of New York subway travel. Each desensitized person stepped forward as mechanically as the doors had slid open. They made their silent sullen ways to the various exits, registering little on their faces other than the passivity and defeat that had claimed them unawares in a vague and distant past.

As if the infected pit in the city's bowels had refused to eject it, the train had stood motionless in the tunnel for forty minutes, a common New York occurrence. Marc had been pinned against a door. Early that morning the excessive humidity had pasted his shirt to his back muscles. The tasteless lunch, hurriedly eaten, had left his stomach agitated. When the sliding doors parted; he was literally sprung to the platform by the forceful thrust of a block of human bodies. But it had been a very profitable day!

As he mounted the blackened stairs to the street, his senses received a final assault, via the pungent odor of urine. Reaching the street, he actually welcomed the humidity.

The familiar sights and sounds of East Eighth Street reawakened Marc's sense of disgust. Here was a microcosmic view of most of the Village. Its once quiet elegance had given way to commercialism. The garish lights, cheap incense, and gaudy boutiques all cried "falseness!" But their appeal had grown and still attracted hordes of those coddled infants of American well-being, the suburban weekend hippies.

All along the street there were vacant eyes to avoid and incessant demands to ignore. There was a time when it hurt Marc to glance at those young eyes and hear not yet mature voices begging for coin. Now they stirred no feelings in him nor provoked his conscious mind to thought.

"Damn!" He was supposed to phone Carl at 5:30. Marc entered a booth on the corner of Eighth Street and Third Avenue. The smell of urine reached his nostrils as his hand grasped a sticky receiver. Two discordant notes greeted his ear, "umm-zzz," steadily repeating themselves. "Fuck!" he muttered, and let the receiver drop and swing freely on its wire. The door's hinges squealed a high-pitched protest as he stepped from the box to the street. Outside, he could faintly hear the irritating two beats from the receiver. Somehow they were appropriate here; they added to the total dissonance of New York's disturbing song.

That narrow enclosure had been designed for public communication. Now its smashed window, torn directories, broken phone, and stench of excrement had gained a tacit acceptance in this city. At least one booth just like it existed on every block, even in plush midtown. No one liked them; but, after all, they'd eventually be repaired.

October 23, 1969 - 8:15 A.M.

Mr. Poppish, one of the assistant principals, sat leisurely on the edge of his desk, accentuating each witty remark into the phone receiver by swinging his flabby right leg back and forth. A neatly manicured finger of his left hand distractedly traced figure eights on the desk surface. Hanging up, he turned his sun-tanned face to Marc and beamed a smile. Crossing his legs and resting his clasped hands on his knees, he said matter-of-factly, "The kids gave you quite a test yesterday." Before Marc could reply, Poppish continued, "Don't be discouraged. The first two years are always the roughest. Actually, you're doing fine; they've given you some exceptionally difficult classes to handle. And don't worry about Vivian Rivera. All we need are a few more referrals in our files, and she's out of this

school. That little trouble maker is supposed to be in a reform school; they claim they don't have any room! Did you know that? Anyway —."

Marc stopped him by calmly asking, "What happens to Vivian when she's thrown out?" Poppish adjusted his glasses, a gesture he'd developed as a boy to help regain his composure. "Well — I — she — That's her family's concern," immediately he added, "Do you have the written referrals on Rodriguez and Rivera?" "No," answered Marc, simply. Poppish smiled, pleased at this opportunity to be generous. "Well, I know you're busy. Try to have them in this afternoon, but if that's impossible, tomorrow morning will be fine."

"I'm afraid you won't be getting any referrals from me."

The smile faded. Poppish, no longer comfortable, uncrossed his legs, walked around the desk, and settled onto his chair. He placed his arms on the desk and leaned forward to speak. Marc looked at his face and suppressed an impulse to laugh, as he saw this pudgy, ineffectual, little boy.

Poppish formed his smile again, then spoke. "Marc, I can appreciate your concern for the children. But if you're really concerned, consider the others. How can

October 24, 1969 - 12:15 P.M.

Rather than venture out into the neighborhood, most of the teachers ate lunch in the school building.

Marc liked a small Puerto Rican restaurant, a block away, on Willis Ave. He'd sit at the counter in the narrow, crowded dining area, and enjoy arroz con pollo or chile con carne.

Today, Marc decided to walk before returning to the school.

Willis Ave. is a wide, commercial street in the heart of the South Bronx. It begins at 149th St., where it intersects with 3rd Ave. At this intersection, looming unattractively above the street, is the ancient 3rd Ave. elevated train structure. Further south, at 138th St., is the Willis Ave. Bridge. This small bridge spans the polluted waters of the Harlem River and links two incongruous worlds, the South Bronx ghetto and Manhattan's upper east side.

Marc walked south on Willis. Here is an animated world where the hooker displaying her wares and the quiet brown-skinned mother wheeling her first born are equally welcome. All the street's activity seems to be keeping time with the Latin rhythms that blared constantly from various store-front speakers.



they learn anything with kids like Vivian and Teddy around? If we don't set examples by dealing with discipline problems, we'll have total disorder on our hands!"

"To begin with," countered Marc, "you're not dealing with the problems at all. You're simply ignoring the causes by responding defensively to the effects. If you were trying to deal with the problems, you'd make sure that the Board of Ed. provided a competent psychiatric staff; while waiting for that staff, you could hire enough experienced substitutes to work on a one-to-one basis, all day long, with children like Vivian and Teddy."

"Those two kids have already been transferred into four different classes, and it's only October. Every time a tenured instructor bitches about the 'little terrors,' those children get shuffled about like so much rub-bish!"

"Vivian doesn't belong in a reform school. She happens to be the brightest child in her class, and she's more perceptive than most of your staff."

Poppish was unconsciously twitching his left eye; he had smoked two cigarettes and was lighting a third.

Marc's vehemence carried him on. "You talk about doing good for the greatest number. Well, to my way of thinking, a school begins fulfilling its function to the community when it addresses itself to the problems of children like Vivian and Teddy. The kids who never rebel never compel us to go beyond our role as social programmers."

"As for your notion of total disorder — can't you see that all of this emphasis on order is part of the problem? Sure more kids will be quiet and passive if they know that a strong arm will come down on them; but then they are responding out of fear; in that kind of atmosphere, no meaningful education can go on!"

During this tirade, Marc had been pacing the length of Poppish's office, always looking directly at the assistant principal. Now he stood directly in front of Poppish's desk, staring at the dumbfounded figure. Marc picked up the package of Marlboro without asking, lit a cigarette and waited.

The silence taunted Marc so strongly that he felt like striking the man behind the desk.

Finally, Poppish calmly said, "You're a very idealistic young man, Marc. I have some calls to make. See me later when I'm less busy, and you've calmed down."

This phlegmatic response disarmed Marc, and he suddenly felt weak. His body went limp, as he experienced a pity and disgust bordering on nausea. For a moment he thought of Hodari down the corridor to his room, he kept repeating the same gnawing question, "Couldn't he at least fight?"

Each shop window offers an amusing display. Three doors from the corner of 145th St., one can find an endless variety of icons. The worn hand-painted sign above the window reads "Articulos Religiosos." The old gold-toothed shopkeeper sits on her small chair in front of the store and chats daily with her white-haired neighbor who owns the adjoining shop that sells "Libros para Adultos." Right on the corner, stands a local bodega whose open doors offer the inviting smells of a hearty Spanish kitchen; in its window one can find, side by side, a can of chili con carne, a Puerto Rican flag, and a dusty portrait of Christ.

Diagonally across the street, stands the ivory school building. Detached and reserved, it seems to peer like a quiet mocking judge at the surrounding community.

Marc stepped into the bodega for a package of gum, then continued his walk. On the corner opposite the bodega sat three young men on milk crates. The same three men occupied the same places, all day, every day. Behind them stood the charred ruins of an old drug store. The building had gone up in flames several years ago, and the blackened, gutted cavity was left undisturbed. With the passage of time, it provided a suitable home for rats and vermin, as well as a convenient receptacle for the neighborhood's refuse. Its appearance offered little contrast to the adjacent sidewalks

strewn with scraps of paper, fragments of broken glass and mangled tin cans.

Marc stared at the ruin for a moment, then turned to look at the school building.

He decided to walk east on 145th St. This side street, with tenements on either side, was completely nondescript. The dwellings varied only in their degree of disrepair. Marc reached a corner and chose another block at random. Still this appalling sameness.

The houses seemed like so many beaten creatures, passively waiting to die. Some had died already and were now cadavers, rigid and forgotten. But these dismal hulks sheltered a living pulse. Within their scarred bodies, human beings moved and breathed.

A young black man sitting on a cracked wooden step called to Marc for a light. Marc approached him, and the unpainted tenement door suddenly swung upon, bringing the familiar odor of urine into the air. In the dim entrance, a small dark form moved forward. It was Michael McCarter, one of Marc's students.

Michael's round black face registered surprise. He laughed nervously and said, "Hi, Mr. Schaeffer." "Hello, Michael," came Marc's warm reply. The boy stood silently for a moment. Suddenly, he turned around and ran inside.

Marc lit a cigarette, looked at the expressionless face of the young man on the steps, then sadly began his walk back to the school. He tried not to think, but his efforts were useless; the image of Hodari's face led the barrage of painful thoughts. The humidity of this hot October day made the surrounding squalor more oppressive.

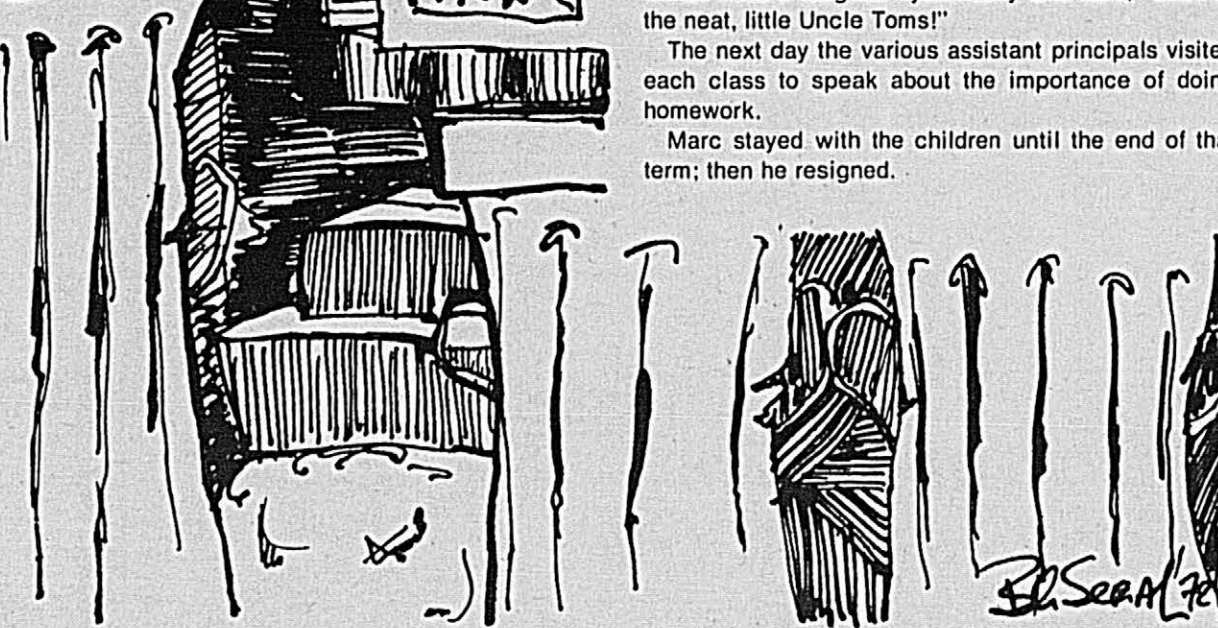
He found himself again at Willis Ave. and 145th St. The three men on milk crates were drinking beer and performing apishly for a passing woman in a mini-skirt. "Viene aqui bonita! Que te quiero mucho!" yelled one of them, raucously. When she smiled, he bellowed with a laugh that shook his paunch, then hurled his empty beer can into the gutted store front.

That afternoon, Michael McCarter was absent.

At 2:00 P.M., the new progressive readers arrived. Besides pictures of blond-haired blue-eyed Dick and Jane, there were drawings of black and Spanish children. Vivian Rivera laughed hysterically and said, "Look at the neat, little Uncle Toms!"

The next day the various assistant principals visited each class to speak about the importance of doing homework.

Marc stayed with the children until the end of that term; then he resigned.



February, 1970

The novelty of this experience excited Marc. Being gregarious, he often engaged people in conversation; then he didn't feel as if he were working at all.

On cool nights, for he only drove at night, Marc enjoyed long drives on the West Side Highway or the Belt Parkway. There, near the river or the ocean, he felt calmest.

Unlike many other drivers, Marc never refused a fare. He would gladly take people to Riverdale or Harlem, Bensonhurst or Bedford-Stuyvesant.

One rainy night, he picked up two musicians in front of the Village Gate. They were going to Park Ave. and 116th St. in Harlem. Marc took 6th Ave. to 23rd St., turned right on 23rd and drove east to Madison Ave. A left on Madison, and he synchronized his speed with the staggered traffic lights.

The cab was comfortably warm. As Miles Davis blew Seven Steps to Heaven over the FM air waves, and the two riders hummed and snapped their fingers in time, Marc realized that he had an ever-changing, self-contained world in here.

Outside, the wet streets glistened, and the windshield

continued on page six

continued from page five

wipers beat their steady time. Miles faded, and a husky pleased "All right!" drawled from the back seat. Marc smiled and took a cigarette from the black hand beside his head.

Not a single red light had stopped him on Madison; he felt as if he'd picked these men up around the corner. They left him his fare, a dollar tip and a warm "Stay loose!"; then disappeared into a corner building, instrument cases in hand.

In less than a minute the cab was occupied again. The young couple had been standing in the rain, closely huddled together. The man had been holding his coat close to his neck with his right hand and hunching his head downward, as if trying to hide from the rain; he had been holding the woman close with his left arm. In the cab, they sat quietly at opposite ends of the seat, as if total strangers.

Sniffing, the man said, "123rd and 8th." The couple remained silent throughout the ride. Marc occasionally glanced in his rear-view mirror and saw the woman's thin black face and the outline of her Afro wig. Her eyelids were slowly opening and closing, as she sat nodding in her junky's reverie. This shorter ride seemed longer than the previous one.

Marc stopped on 123rd St. which looked more dismal than usual because of the rain. He turned his head to collect the \$1.35, but the man's hand held a different offering. Marc stared at the hunting knife's glittering blade. A scarred black hand brought the blade forward, resting it on Marc's neck. When a voice came from the back seat, Marc was hardly aware that the man's mouth had formed the sounds he heard. He was only conscious of the pinching sensation against his throat. He mechanically handed his earnings to the assailant.

The night rapidly claimed the two passengers. In fact, they were gone so quickly that the entire incident seemed unreal to Marc. His fingers moved to his throat and felt the small drop of blood.

Marc switched on the off-duty light and slowly drove downtown, trying to understand his feelings. He wasn't angry, at least not at the two who had just robbed him.

When he related this experience to an older driver, a simple solution was offered, "Don't pick up coal, and drive only in mid-town."

By the end of November, Marc was again unemployed.

August 15, 1971 - 5:55 P.M.

Marc walked up 2nd Ave. to the brownstone on East

10th. Quickly, he went up the two narrow flights in the clean hallway and opened the door of apartment 20.

He stepped inside, closed the door and locked it. As he heard the latch click, he swept all memories of the outside world from his mind. He stood for a moment and looked at the objects in the expensively furnished disordered living room. Without switching on a light, he removed his shoes and socks and walked slowly over the thick Persian rug. He approached the leather couch, littered with magazines, crumpled notes, a full ash tray and a dried apple core. He mechanically brushed a pile of magazines onto the floor and sat.

After smoking three cigarettes, he moved wearily into the bedroom and fell onto the unmade bed. Marc lay, unthinking, for half an hour. Then scattered images began flashing through his brain, but he made no attempt to understand them.

He was vaguely aware of the sounds of evening activity in neighboring apartments, more aware of the oppressive atmosphere in this dank room. He knew that all he had to do to make the environment more bearable, was to move seven feet to the window and switch on the air-conditioner. A barrier fell between that knowledge and the simple action that would make it a reality. Lately this barrier had crept more frequently between Marc and life.

The sound of the telephone ringing in the next room managed to break his spell of lethargy. He rose and moved into the living room. Lifting the receiver, he offered an unenthusiastic hello. He heard Walter's voice, rapid-firing sentences into the phone. "Another methadrine monologue," though Marc, ignoring most of what he heard, occasionally responding with a simple yes or no.

He abruptly cut Walter off with, "O.K., be here tomorrow at seven." (pause) "Yes, thirty, dry and full weight, almost all tops." Marc waited for the receiver to click, stood pensively with it in his hand for a moment or two, then dropped it back in place.

He moved into the kitchen, sat at the table and moved the unwashed dishes aside with his right hand. Fumbling in his shirt pocket with his left hand, he removed a cigarette, placed it between his dry lips and lit it. He took several long drags and blew solid streams of smoke into the air. Angrily he snuffed out the cigarette.

Walter would come tomorrow night; a few days later, perhaps, Carl, Pat, Rita or others. They would always come, and they kept his body alive and well clothed.

Marc closed his eyes and rested his face in the palms of his hands. He saw Michael McCarter, a smashed window and Hodari's mocking smile, Poppish at his desk, a

mangled beer can and Hod -

He walked into the living room, sat in the dark and smoked two cigarettes; went to the bathroom and washed his face; returned for another smoke; went to the bathroom and brushed his teeth; undressed; paced the living room, smoking; back to the bedroom; fell on the bed and tried to lapse out.

For a few moments he managed to block all thought. Then the images reappeared, and always — Hodari's smile. He got up and paced the entire apartment. Finally, he dropped onto his bed again and screamed, "Hodari, you fucking crazy nigger!"

The sound of his own voice shocked him. He lay stunned for a few moments, then smiled as he rose to switch on the air-conditioner. Returning to his bed, he lay awake all night and thought.

The next morning he called Walter and told him not to come; Marc offered no explanation. That same day he had his phone number changed.

November 21, 1976 - 6:30 P.M.

The IRT local, exactly on schedule, rolled into Grand Central Station and waited; so did the express, directly across the platform. Simultaneously, at the other 42nd St. terminals — 6th Ave., Times Square and 8th Ave. — the same thing occurred.

All motors were suddenly cut off. Each train's public address system delivered the same message, "This is a state of emergency. Please obey the guards' orders explicitly. You will be led to safety." From the conductor's booth in every car emerged two men in blue jeans, plain black leather jackets and black berets. Each man carried an AR-18 rifle and a concealed .357 Magnum handgun.

The men spoke calmly to the passengers, and as the doors slid open, led them out onto the platforms where armed men were stationed at various spots. From there the people were guided to the street.

Marc stood guard at the Vanderbilt Ave. exit to Grand Central. Directly opposite him stood a young black man, his friend, Hodari. They watched attentively as people were led to the curb and ushered into station wagons by Jacinto Vera.

Within three hours all trains were completely emptied, and the last station wagon pulled away from the curb.

Marc, Hodari and Jacinto climbed into the back of a gray panel truck, driven by another brother, Li-Li Sen. Li drove to Madison Square Garden where the peoples' briefing would take place.

Nominated for 8 Academy Awards including Best Picture!

COLUMBIA PICTURES Presents
A BBS PRODUCTION

THE LAST PICTURE SHOW

A Film By
PETER BOGDANOVICH

starring
TIMOTHY BOTTOMS/JEFF BRIDGES/ELLEN BURSTYN/BEN JOHNSON
Directed by
CLORIS LEACHMAN/introducing CYBILL SHEPHERD as Jacy/PETER BOGDANOVICH
Screenplay by
LARRY MCMURTRY and PETER BOGDANOVICH Executive Producer
Produced by
STEPHEN J. FRIEDMAN

NOW SHOWING

côte des neiges
Plaza Cote des Neiges 735 5527

Pass list suspended
(CINEMA NO. 1) COMPLETE SHOW AT 12.55
2.55, 4.55, 7.00, 9.00 P.M.

18 YEARS

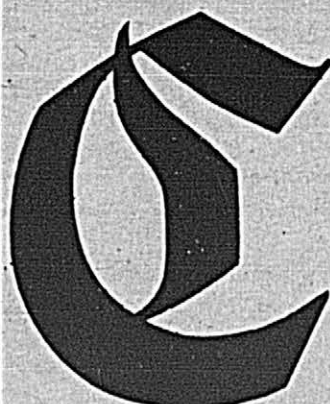
Everything

in Hi-Fi, - Hobby -
Experimenters Parts
and Electronic Kits
Special Student Discounts

Turbotronics

Shopping Mall of the
CN CENTRAL STATION
861-5036

"LE PASSAGE"
PLACE BONAVENTURE
861-4867



CLASSIC

The Largest Paperback
Bookshop in The World At
1327 St. Catherine St. West

WELCOME 'CABARET'! Liza Minnelli is nothing short of sensational!

New York Daily News

"LIZA MINNELLI, who is very, very good her role, bounces through the movie with tremendous zest and vitality!"
— Dane Lanken,
The Gazette

"'CABARET' IS A GREAT MOVIE
MUSICAL, IT WILL MAKE MOVIE
HISTORY!"
— Pauline Kael, The New Yorker

"A DAZZLING MUSICAL FILM —
The movie that's come along that
really makes 1972 a movie year is
'Cabaret.' It's stunning show."
— Judith Crist, NBC-TV Today Show
and New York Magazine

starring
LIZA MINNELLI,
MICHAEL YORK

IN COLOR

2nd
WEEK!

SNOWDON
5225 DECARIE 482-1322

FEATURE 12.25, 2.35, 4.45,
7.00, 9.10 P.M. LAST
COMPLETE SHOW 9.05 P.M.



14 YEARS

pass list
suspended



DEMOS

by ronald blumer



photo by ben lechtman

Our world defines us by our function. When we meet someone new, we don't ask, "Who are you?" we ask, "What do you do?" The title of this column means people and its object is not to type them but to take them one at a time. We are all individuals with individual reactions to a common sea of problems. Judy is twenty years old and she is a nurse. Here is who she is.

I went into nursing when I was seventeen years old. I had this image of a nurse as someone glamorous — saving people's lives and all that but in fact I had no idea of what a nurse did; I had hardly ever been in a hospital and suddenly, bang, I found myself completely entangled in a different world. The real reason why I, and a lot of my contemporaries went into nursing had very little to do with the job itself. Here I was, seventeen, home was okay but I didn't particularly like living there; I didn't have enough money to leave and I didn't want to hurt my family. There was the opportunity to get away from home, to live in residence and to be independent from my family in a nice, delicate way. At first I didn't have any idea of the responsibilities involved — I thought of myself as living in this palace on the hill and being relatively free. It was more a matter of where I was living and sleeping and eating than what I was doing. I think a lot of young girls fall into nursing like I did — as a delicate runaway from home.

In residence we all had our little cubicles — all lined up down the hall. Within the first two weeks I was up on the wards for two mornings a week. I was really hit with it in the face right away. My very first patient was a little old lady dying of cancer. It never occurred to me that people actually die in hospitals. She kept telling me how she felt cold inside and two days later she was dead. Our teaching was on a totally stupid, petty level — I had classes in making beds, in washing patients and a teacher who watched me like a hawk and reprimanded me if I did the slightest little thing wrong. Life for me in those first few months was like being in the army. I kept thinking of this book I read when I was twelve, David Copperfield, and how he too used to get whipped if he stepped out of line in any way. Rules and procedures were completely drilled into me until I stopped thinking — I did what I was told and both my nerves and my humanity were completely shot.

I know that this sounds odd, but I was a nurse in training for a long time before I discovered patients. In classes, we were taught to respect the patients as people but only with respect to making sure that their bedpans were warmed or talking to them while we are giving them a bath. There are mornings now when I don't feel like talking to patients, but I still respect them as people.

When I first went into training I left home in every sense of the word. I seldom visited my family and I forgot my old friends. I was totally preoccupied with the teaching and the ward. After about six months I got extremely depressed. I felt as if I was beginning to die inside — I felt totally trapped, totally contained within that environment. The world outside of hospital and residence became just that — an outside world — strange and unreal. At the beginning of my second year I moved out of residence and started living with this guy. I didn't live with him because I wanted to, or even because I particularly liked him but because this was a way of getting out from the confining walls of the hospital. It was a relief but no solution. Nursing became a job. I would get up, go to work and put on my uniform and my regulation behavior but it was a job that became more and more difficult. We were doing a fair amount of drugs at the time and it became extremely hard for me to get up at six in the morning — to get into the whole hospital thing — to keep changing back and forth from being a normal human being to someone playing the role of a nurse — maintaining professional distance and conforming to the rules that were drummed into us.

For several months I was completely torn apart until I began to realize how false my training was, how I didn't have to maintain this schizophrenic existence to be a good nurse. I realized that I could get much more out of patients and they from me by following my own instincts. Now I let my patients know how I am feeling — that I am *me* rather than Miss J., the nurse. If I'm feeling cruddy one morning you can be sure my patients know it, I don't pretend to be cheerful, I don't put on the phony regulation smile and make the usual cheerless small talk.

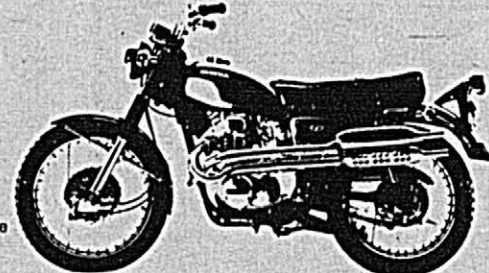
There are some kids in my class who will never get out — who don't even realize that they are in. They are the "nancy nurses" who follow the rules and always maintain a "professional relationship" with their patients. They live and eat in residence and very rarely go out — if they do go out, they go places together. When they become nurses and move out they will probably live together and carry out the same jobs in the same way until they are sixty-five. This is tragic because the hospital environment is sick in more ways than one. Some younger nurses become totally dependent on doctors or medical students for any social life and they really get screwed by them. The sex games, the fooling around in this isolated community can become really disgusting. You have all the disadvantages of a closed group with none of its security because a hospital is a group that is not a group.

HONDA...the only way to go

SUPER SPORTS 350 (CB350)

Weighing in at 370 lbs., this smooth and powerful machine combines a dual carb twin cylinder alloy engine and a close-ratio 5 speed gear box with an electric starter, trip meter, ball bearing crankshaft and unmatched workmanship. The result? A superb road machine at a very reasonable price

\$999.00



MIGHTY TO MINI - HONDA HAS IT ALL

HONDA

932-1173 CITY LTD.

1624 ST. CATHERINE W. (NEAR GUY)

CYHA MEMBERS!

PRICES HAVE DROPPED ON YOUR CHARTERS TO LONDON!

Compare your fares with youth fares (12 - 21 years) Shoulder season \$225. Peak \$299.

May 13 - Sept. 8	\$168.00
May 31 - Aug. 29	168.00
June 3 - ONE WAY	85.00
June 20 - July 18	205.00
July 4 - Aug. 25	205.00
July 11 - Aug. 1	205.00
July 18 - Aug. 21	205.00
July 25 - Aug. 23	205.00
Sept. 5 - Sept. 26	157.00
Sept. 17 - ONE WAY	80.00

CANADIAN YOUTH HOSTELS ASSOCIATION
1324 Sherbrooke St. W.
842-9048

The Savoy Society Presents

THE SORCERER

by Gilbert and Sullivan

Moyse Hall March 15-18

Tickets: \$2.50
Students: 2 for \$2.50
on Wednesday night ONLY
At the Union Box Office



CLASSIFIEDS

FOR SALE

LADIES' SHEEPSKIN COAT (kneelength), size 10, 1 year old. \$200.00 when new, asking \$90.00. Perfect condition. Call 488-0197.

6 STRING HARMONY GUITAR (steel). Excellent condition. \$40.00. Call 488-0197.

ALTO SAXOPHONE made by C. G. Conn. It cost \$430.00 new but now asking for \$200. Excellent condition! Evenings 842-1059.

1970 HONDA 750 - four new tires, excellent condition, best offer. phone John 933-2881, or Marilyn 284-2276.

MISCELLANEOUS

MARTHA-HAPPY BIRTHDAY from all your fellow members of the Marc Tardif Fan Club. See you in Union at three.

Summer student July-August, French conversation, 4 weeks, 3 hours daily, \$85.00. Books included. **MONTREAL LANGUAGE SCHOOL** - opposite Eaton's, 875-6440.

WEST INDIAN SOCIETY presents Carnival Nite featuring Playboy's Steel Orchestra, Friday March 10th, 9 P.M. Union Ballroom, Admission \$1.00, tickets at Box Office.

ATTENTION: GRADUATING MANAGEMENT students: tickets for grad-dance at Chateau Champlain on March 10, 1972 now on sale at Union Box Office. Only \$14.00 per couple.

FREE COPY of the Weekly People, socialist labor party newspaper sent upon request. No obligation. S.L.P., P.O. Box 321, Montreal 101, P.Q.

POOL HIRING qualified male and female lifeguards for this summer. Also snack bar manager needed. Call Jerry 488-6358 evenings.

ISRAEL AND EUROPE 3 month \$550 tour. Avoid making the same mistake thousands of students made last summer. Make your reservation now! Few seats still available on this low-cost subsidised tour. Israel Program Centre - 934-0804, 1310 Greene Ave.

JOB HASSLES? Join us in an O.F.Y. Outremont Park Project. Meeting March 1st. Contact Andrea at 274-5100 or 842-8836 loc. 32.

LIVE STEEL BAND FETE, Playboy's Steel Orch. at Molson Hall, 3915 University St., Friday 3rd March, from 9 - 7 Admission \$1.00.

AFRICAN STUDENTS ASSOC. analysis of Ethiopian People's revolutionary vanguard struggle and Eritrean Liberation Front. Friday 3rd March, 7:00, Union 124.

TO GIVE AWAY: Beautiful, male cat. Neutered. Loves the outdoors. Call evening 933-6579.

BEERFEST, Friday March 3, 8:00 P.M. Student Union Ballroom. Admission \$1.00, beer drinking contests. Featuring the "Bavarian Barbarians".

NEED TUTORING in stats. 305. Please help. 671-8950.

M.O.C. SKI TRIP, Sunday March 5, Glen Mountain \$6.00, non-members \$7.50. From Roddick Gates at 7:30 A.M. Tickets at Box Office.

WHAT HAPPENS AFTER A RUGGER MATCH? Find out at the post-grad winter sevens \$1.00 March 4, 9:00 P.M. David Thompson House.

Excellent **FRENCH CONVERSATION COURSE** being offered; experienced teachers - 60 hrs. - \$80.00 - groups of 4. 844-9287 (eves.)

MIDNIGHT COWBOY, March 4, 1972. Saturday, 6, 8, 10 P.M., Leacock 132, \$1.00.

HOUSING

NEAR UNIVERSITY Sublet. 1 1/2 furnished apartment immediate occupancy \$80. Ring 937-6011 - Room 837.

SUBLET - 1 1/2 - 754 Sherbrooke St. West No. 9; partly furnished; March and April; \$70/month; come by after 6 P.M.

WANTED

MATURE, serious, singles couples, to complete summer group, share expenses, Eastern Townships. Lake Memphramagog, farmhouse, sailing, gardening, and golf. 467-5501 evenings.

FEMALE STUDENT, preferably with a somewhat solid university English background, wanted to take dictation for original novel during summer evenings and weekends. Enthusiasm for creative English should replace pure and immediate desire for financial remuneration. For more information seriously interested parties please call late evenings or Sundays 738-5218.

LOST

RED WALLET, union cafeteria. Keep money; return to box office or call 489-9672. Reward.

TYPING

EXPERIENCED, accurate typist desires evening work. Pick-up and deliver downtown area Monday to Friday noon. Telephone after 6:30 P.M. Mrs. A. Lawrence 334-9778.

THESES, MANUSCRIPTS, essays, reports, neatly typewritten. Bilingual. Moderate rates. Call 489-4198.

TYPING THESES or essays etc. minimal charges, 695-4794.

McGILL DEBATING UNION
presents

Waffle Spokesman
JAMES LAXER

Speaking on
"Canada and the Resources Sell-out"

Friday, March 3rd 1 p.m. Leacock 132 Free



See Europe By Car

If you like to travel without being tied down, show your family the wonders of Europe BY CAR . . .

We have many plans to suit your needs. Here are the three main ones:
A- Tax-free purchase of a car which you can bring back to Canada.
B- Vacation credit plan (21 days to 6 months). New car, unlimited mileage, international insurance coverage.
C- Rental. All models, unlimited mileage.

Special discounts for students and staff.

CITROEN-PEUGEOT-RENAULT-SIMCA

FIAT-ALFA ROMEO-MERCEDES-V.W.

MATRA-VOLVO-OPEL

EUROP AUTO



5193 Côte des Neiges

Montréal, P.Q.

735-3083 and 735-0791

BEERFEST

"the bash of the season"

Friday, March 3rd 8:00 P.M. . . on

McGill Student Union Ballroom
\$1.00 admittance 'cheap'

Featuring, "Vern Bergstrom and his
Bavarian Barbarians"

Veterans of the Dawson Oktober Fest Katastrophe

Last three nites

"The Greatest Living Exponents
of Black Folk Blues"

**Sonny Terry
and
Brownie McGhee**
Stars of "Cisco Pike"



Opening
"The Master of the Blues"
ALBERT COLLINS
and His Recording Group
(6 Musicians)

Esquire
SHOW BAR
The house of good music

Shows at
9:30 - 11:30 - 1:30

RESERVATIONS
1224 STANLEY ST. 866-7878

Now that you can fly to Europe for peanuts, here's how little you shell out to get around:

**\$130 for Two Months of unlimited rail travel in
Austria, Belgium, Denmark, France, Germany, Holland, Italy, Luxembourg,
Norway, Portugal, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland.**

You shell out \$130, and get a Student-Railpass. All you need is the bread and something to show you're a bona fide student between 14 and 25.

Our Student-Railpass gives you all that unlimited rail travel on the 100,000 mile railroad networks of those 13 countries. For two foot-loose months. So with low air fares and Student-Railpass you've got Europe made.

Our Student-Railpass gets you Second Class travel on our trains. You'll find that there's very little second class about Second Class. Besides being comfortable, clean, fast, and absurdly punctual, the Euro-

pean trains have some other advantages for you. They take you from city center to city center, so you don't have to hassle airports. And the stations are helpful homes away from home, with Pictograms that give you information in the universal language of signs, and dining rooms, bookstores and other helpful facilities.

Now, here's the catch. You can't get your Student-Railpass or the regular First Class Eurailpass in Europe—you have to get them before you leave the country. So see your Travel Agent soon. Meanwhile, send in the coupon for a free folder, complete with railroad map.

Prices quoted in U.S. dollars.

STUDENT-RAILPASS

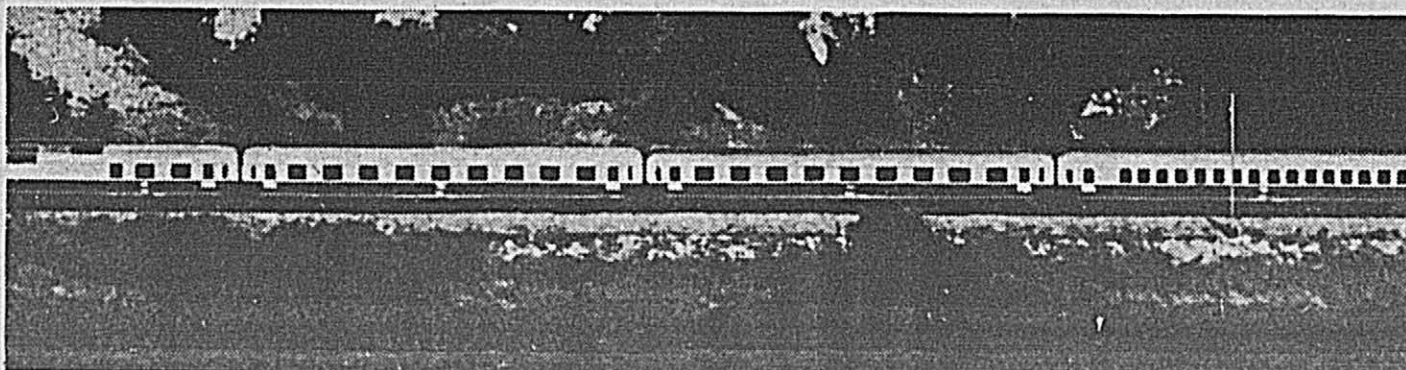
The way to see Europe without feeling like a tourist.

Eurailpass is valid in Austria, Belgium, Denmark, France, Germany, Holland, Italy, Luxembourg, Norway, Portugal, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland.

Eurailpass, Box 2168, Toronto, 1, Ontario

Please send me your free Eurailpass folder with railroad map. ☐ Or your Student-Railpass folder order form. ☐

Name _____ Street _____ 193B
City _____ Apt. _____ Zone _____ Prov. _____



POLL BY POLL BREAKDOWN OF WEDNESDAY'S STUDENT SOCIETY ELECTIONS

POLL	PRESIDENT			EXTERNAL VICE-PRESIDENT				INTERNAL VICE-PRESIDENT				
	Amos	Rovins	Zinner	Cohen	Hardy	Ionis	Luft	Bellaiche	Bernier	Packer	Vazquez	Weiner
LEACOCK	56	60	215	15	190	56	61	37	70	14	79	99
ARTS	37	23	103	14	88	41	22	20	31	11	42	38
STEWART	12	10	50	5	43	12	8	5	11	6	26	19
McCONNELL	70	58	192	25	205	52	31	14	187	19	34	55
PATHOLOGY-CURRIE	9	1	16	0	16	8	2	5	5	3	1	11
OTTO MAASS	8	10	42	4	32	9	14	3	15	8	12	18
McLENNAN	25	23	104	11	104	22	16	19	34	10	27	52
REDPATH	35	41	175	31	144	24	46	51	49	22	63	56
FDA	12	18	28	4	30	15	11	4	22	6	13	7
CHANCELLOR DAY	13	20	63	8	66	10	7	20	13	11	10	23
DIVINITY	26	7	49	8	48	25	4	7	6	27	18	20
STRATHCONA	1	7	21	8	16	1	1	2	4	2	2	12
BURNSIDE	14	16	44	8	39	10	16	5	12	4	20	24
UNION	84	48	208	26	194	75	50	38	48	13	124	88
EDUCATION	2	2	4	4	1	2	1	1	2	1	3	1
McINTYRE	17	12	94	12	71	14	27	9	17	12	32	40
PURVIS HALL	1	1	0	0	1	1	0	0	1	0	0	1
RVC	18	10	66	13	53	12	14	11	18	9	23	20
TOTAL	440	367	1474	196	1341	389	331	381	545	178	529	584
SPOILED	168				170					326		
VOTES CAST	2449				2427					2412		

China . . .

Continued from page 1

demned "various counter-revolutionary elements - led by Soviet revisionists - who began attacking the Nixon visit as proof that China and the US were beginning to gang up on progressive movements."

He said that these elements "pick a single act out of context instead of looking at the development of China over the last few years." Using the joint Chinese-American communique from the visit - in which "not one word of Chinese foreign policy has been changed" - and China's conduct in the UN as proof, he stated that "China isn't going to negotiate or sell out over Viet Nam."

The spokesman also noted that "Nixon's visit to China doesn't mean that he's going to give up his aggressive policies," but rather that the US "will continue to undertake large-scale massacres around the world."

Both the US and the USSR "will remain as vicious as ever," he concluded.

cars available

For Toronto, Western Canada,
Maritimes, & Florida
Call MONTREAL
DRIVEAWAY SERVICE LTD.
4018 St. Catherine St. W.
Tel: 937-2816

ABORTIONS

Total Cost \$150.00
Safe — Confidential — No Hassles
Montreal Women's Help
Organization
2121 St. Mathieu, Suite 105
Tel: 935-2517
Daily 10am — 8pm Drop in or call

PREDICTOR

Home
Pregnancy Test



A test for the hormone of pregnancy you can do for yourself, in the privacy of your home in minutes.

available at

MURRAYS

2115 St. Louis St.
St. Louis Plaza,
Ville St. Laurent,
747-9889

Off To Europe?
Trekking Across Canada?

Traveller/Hiker Colour Combos
NYLON PACKSACKS, magnesium frame &
matching (machine washable) NYLON SLEEPING BAGS
LIGHT, PORTABLE, NYLON TENTS

Special Rates With This Ad



Come In and Make A Deal With
WHITE HOUSE PACKING CORP.
723 Notre Dame St. W. 866-4419
FISHING - CAMPING - HUNTING SPECIALISTS

Sivananda
YogaVedanta
Centre

Swami Vishnu-Devananda
the foremost authority of
the world of Hatha-Yoga
and Raja Yoga will be
giving a:

- Lecture: Yoga in daily
life, a means to peace in
the world.

- Demonstration: 84
physical postures, breath-
ing exercises, eye exer-
cises.

- Windsor Hotel. Sunday,
January 30th, 1972 at 8
p.m.

- A donation will be ac-
cepted at the door.



Daily classes, Hatha-Yoga,
breathing, relaxation, medita-
tion and philosophy. Teachers
especially trained by Swami
Vishnu-Devananda

Information: 279-3545

NATIVE NORTH AMERICAN
STUDIES INSTITUTE

Director, William Craig (Mohawk - Chippewa)
2050 de Maisonneuve, Suite 202
Phone 933-7360

Is sponsoring the following classes:

North American Native Art

Instructor: Robert Houle (Ojibwa) of Sandy Bay, Manitoba
Time: Tuesdays 9 - 12 A.M.; Wednesdays 7 - 9 P.M.
Place: Education Building, 3700 McTavish, Room 627

Beadwork Classes

Instructors: Nora Deering (Mohawk), Elaine Lahache
(Mohawk) of Caughnawaga, Quebec
Time: Tuesdays 7 - 10 P.M.; Wednesdays 1 - 4 P.M.
Place: Education Building, 3700 McTavish St., Room 627

GET "HIGH" TAKE A TRIP WITH

tourbec

LE BUREAU DE TOURISME DES ETUDIANTS DU QUEBEC
112 ouest rue st. paul suite 200 Montreal 125 Quebec 849-2374

MONTREAL - LONDON

8 return flights
from \$164.00
One Way \$87.00

-FLY **tourbec** ON AIR CANADA

Telephone 849-2374

A.S.U.S. EXECUTIVE APPLICATIONS

- Tutorials Administrator
- Tutorials Secretary

Applicants must submit name, year and phone number to A.S.U.S. Box in the Union by Friday, March 17 4:00 P.M.

Bill Worrel
Executive Applications Chairman



**MCGILL
FILM
SOCIETY**



**PEEVED? FRAZZLED?
ROZZLEGREEZLEMYRED?**

Have we got something for you . . . (better than chicken soup)

THE SPRING COMEDY FESTIVAL MARCH 6 - MARCH 10 - JUST IN TIME!

Monday: **DUCK SOUP** (The Marx Brothers) **SHE DONE HIM WRONG** (Mae West, Gary Grant)

Tuesday: **ROAD TO ZANZIBAR** (You Know Who) **ABBOTT AND COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN AND WOLF MAN**

Wednesday: **SOME LIKE IT HOT** (Tony Curtis, Jack Lemmon, Marilyn Monroe) **THE RUSSIANS ARE COMING! THE RUSSIANS ARE COMING!** (Jonathan Winters, Alan Arkin, Michael J. Pollard)

Thursday: **YOYO** (Pierre Etaix) **THE PRODUCERS** (Gene Wilder, Zero Mostel)

Friday: **SUPER SPECIAL SURPRISE!! TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN** (Woody Allen)

Showings - 7:00 and 9:30 p.m. in L132
All films - 50¢

SO . . . forget about studying,
it's too late anyway,
and come join us.

BIOLOGY E-10

Lecture cancelled Monday

DEMONSTRATION

against the Quebec Church Tax, sponsored by the Mouvement Progressiste Italo-Québécois, this Sunday at 2 pm. Meeting before at John F. Kennedy high school, at the corner of Blvd. St. Michel and Villieray. In case of a storm, the demonstration will take place on March 12.

PERSONAL

● **SWINGING COUPLE** required for Book Swapping Party. Contact M. Python at the Big Red Bookshop.

● **BUTCH LIBERATION FRONT.** Informative, controversial, wet. Every Thursday evening round my place. Contact Col. M. Volestrangler (Mrs.), Poste Restante, Monty Python's Big Red Book.

● **MEN! IT CAN BE DONE!** Horace Stokes did it last night! For details see page 11 of Monty Python's Big Red Book.

● **NUDE LADIES IN YOUR OWN HOME.** Sorry. It's another cheap ploy to attract your attention to Monty Python's Big Red Book. See how effective it is.

● **FOR SALE.** Quantity of pink paper, newsprint, purple ink, Eric Idle, John Cleese, Terry Jones, Michael Palin, Graham Chapman and the illustrated Terry Gilliam. Worth \$1,650.00, now offered at only \$5.95 for quick sale by publisher going abroad.

● **P.S. I LOVE YOU.** No I don't, you silly person. I'm only trying to flog you Mr. Methuen's books.

The Malaysian - Singapore Students Association

will hold the
AGM and Elections

at
7 P.M.

Friday 3rd March, 1972
Union B23-24

HAVING TROUBLE STUDYING?

Sign up for a NEW TRAINING PROGRAM to

**INCREASE YOUR
STUDY EFFICIENCY**

- Easy 6-week program
- Tailored to course work
- LIMITED NUMBER OF PARTICIPANTS

REGISTER ON MONDAY, MARCH 6
in Rm. C1, MacDonald Chemistry Bldg.
anytime 9-5

*Now, more than ever,
a motion picture entertainment
for all times!*

FOR ALL

WINNER OF 6
ACADEMY
AWARDS
INCLUDING
BEST
PICTURE!



COLUMBIA PICTURES presents
FRED ZINNEMANN'S
**A
MAN
FOR
ALL
SEASONS**

Directed by
ROBERT BOLT

WENDY HILLER • LEO MCKERN • ROBERT SHAW • ORSON WELLES • SUSANNAH YORK
PAUL SCOFFIELD • NEEL DAVENPORT • JOHN HURT • CORIN REDGRAVE • GEORGES DOLYRE

**NOW
SHOWING!**

KENT
6100 SHEPPARD AVE. W.

FEATURE 12.50, 2.55,
5.05, 7.10, 9.20 P.M.
LAST COMPLETE SHOW
9.15 P.M.

MIDNIGHT COWBOY

John Voight

Dustin Hoffman

Saturday, March 4, 1972
6, 8, 10 P.M., Leacock 132,

McGill University

\$1.00

sponsored by M.S.E.A.



McGill Film Society Presents

International Series 11

FIST IN THE POCKET

(made in Italy, by Bellochio)
7:00 & 9:30

Tonight

PSCA





by ron abrahams, hurd stein and solly

Pucksters finally do it!

Two weeks ago Coach Dave Dies stated something to the effect that if his team would ever win a game, they would receive little or no recognition from the press, or the win would be played down as being a result of the opposition's incompetence. He has never been more right in his whole life.

Due to the success of McGill's basketballers his team's win has gone unnoticed. A week ago, the "Red Machine"

scored its initial victory of the season after 19 consecutive losses. The score was McGill 4, RMC 2 as newcomer Chris Smith, veteran Stu Hamilton, hard skating Pierre Beauchamp, and coach Dane Bally counted for the winners. Tonight McGill finishes the season against Sherbrooke.

Since the Redmen will not participate in any post-season play, we will now summarize their season.

Skating: There are no Donald Jacksons on the squad, but the team managed to move pretty well when they were on their feet. This aspect of their game was weak during the middle part of the season due to a lack of playable personnel. It steadily improved, culminating in their Friday night win.

Checking: This was one of the team's weakest points. In spite of the presence of a few bruisers like Mike Tomassin and Bob O'Reilly, the Redmen rarely made intentional bodily contact with the opposition. Forechecking is an area that needs particular work since it was apparent that other teams were able to leave their own ends with ease.

Shooting: This is one hard area to assess due to the few shots taken. In general, almost any team can use better shooting as one can always improve his shot. Not everyone is born with the talent of a Nick Libbett.

Positional play: Coach Dies seemed to stress this aspect of hockey. It is usually quite beneficial to know which way to go and where your teammates are when you are carrying the puck. In comparison to the other aspects of their game, this was one of McGill's stronger areas.

Heady play: Here, the Redmen slumped badly. So many times the puck was given away carelessly and easy scoring chances missed. Too often to be coincidental, McGill would hang in a hockey game and then collapse after giving up a goal. Experience, something that every player gains, is the only cure for this problem.

Spirit and hustle: Through all the adversity suffered by the team, they managed to retain a great deal of desire. This was exemplified by the excellent attendance at practices and the fact that McGill finished the season with a full complement of players.

We can say next season can only bring improvement. Experience, a major ingredient in any winning team's makeup, was severely lacking. Next season McGill will have at least twenty players with a year's more experience.

Tonight the 71-72 season ends against Sherbrooke.

Hoopsters halted in Nationals

VANCOUVER - Last night at the University of British Columbia the McGill Redmen, champions of the QUAA, were halted in their bid for the national basketball title. They were downed 84-67 by Acadia University. The Redmen now play a consolation game tonight against Windsor, who was defeated by the hosting UBC.

McGill trailed by nine points at the end of the first half, 35-26, and remained within ten throughout most of the second. The game was within reach until the final six minutes when Acadia began to pull away.

John Naponick led the Redmen scorers with 25 points, and hauled in 14 points, and hauled in 14 rebounds. During the course of the contest he quickly established himself as not only the nemesis of Acadia, but the favorite of the UBC crowd. They cheered wildly almost every time he had the ball, and honoured him with a standing ovation at the finale. Howie Roseman was the other McGill marksman with 18 points, 14 of which coming in the second half.

Acadia came glittering on to the court garbed in all the trimmings of a sterile turkey. Decked out in flashy red Keds sneakers and tapered sweat pants Acadia was a visual force to be reckoned with. They face UBC tomorrow at 2 pm EST for the national crown. The game will be shown on network television.

by sparrow, greer, harold, laurie and fulvio

It's just a shot away

For McGill's women curlers, the Canadian championship is only a stone's throw away.

This follows last week's Quebec Winter Games, where the girls were swept off their feet in a two-day, single knock-out competition. In the final round, McGill stoned Saguenay-Lake St. John with a score of 9-1.

National finals will be held in Winnipeg, March 12-17. Rocking out for McGill are: skip, Lorie Ross; lead, Rachel Kassner; second, Ann Corrigan; third, Laura Davis; and coach, Shirley Whyte. Let's hope that in facing Manitoba, the Maritimes and British Columbia, McGill will make the other teams' toes curl.

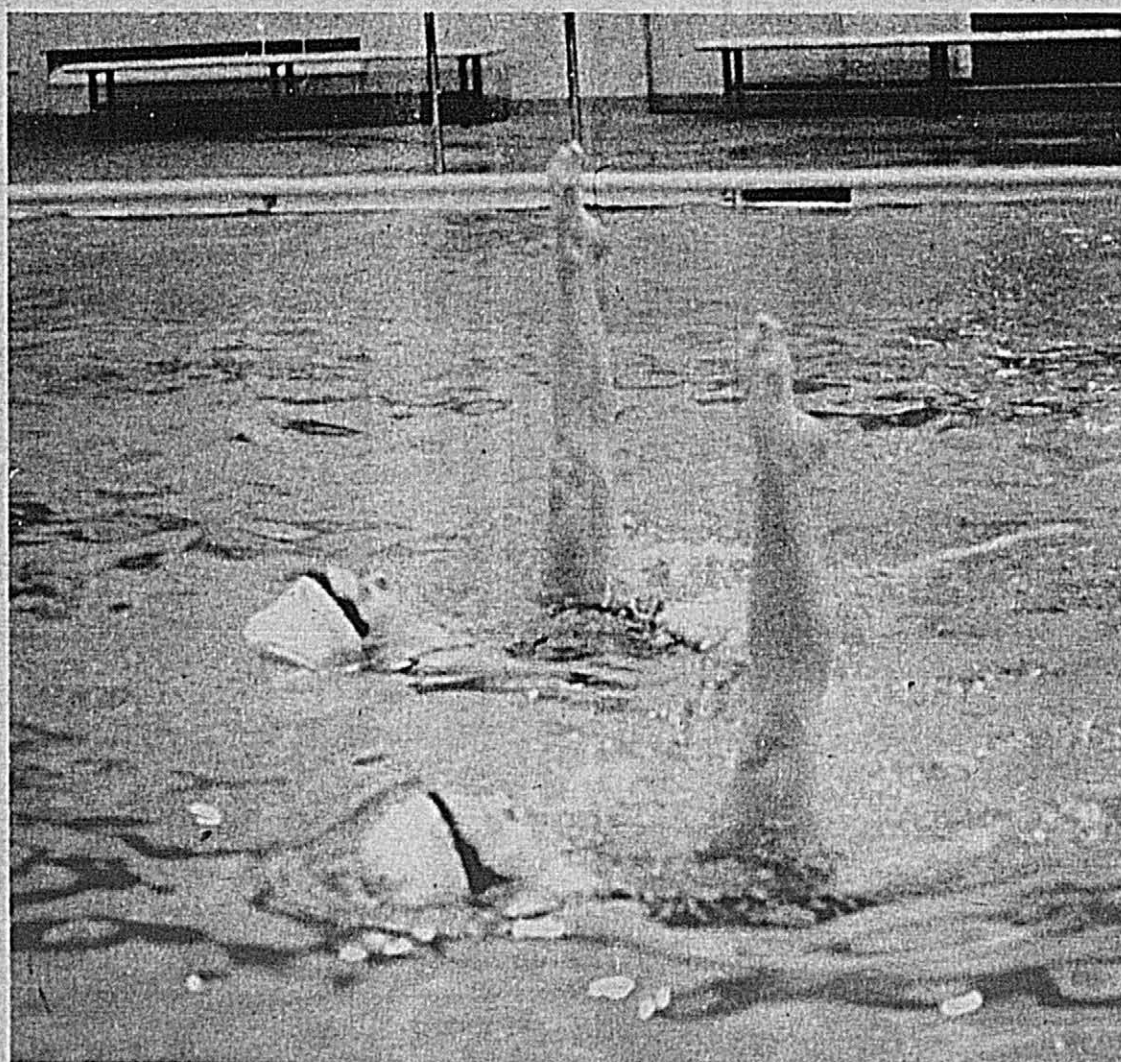


photo by j. cousteau

YOU'RE HAUNTED by that catchy ad, "Winter: love it or leave it"; take off to the balmy bleachers at the Currie pool this weekend. The one and only McGill Marlinettes will present their annual synchronized swim show, plus diving and waterpolo, Friday and Saturday nights at 8:15. Added attractions are two silver medalists from the Pan Am Games. Admission is a dollar and a quarter, and tickets are available at the Union box office, WAA offices at the gym and RVC pool, and at the door.

TODAY

WATERSHOW '72: Tonight. Tickets at the door. Currie Pool, 8:15.

FREE TELEGRAM SERVICE: via Amateur Radio. Forms and information at Union box office, Union 401 or phone 392-8942.

SAVOY SOCIETY: sale for this year's show: *The Sorcerer*. Union box office, 9 am-4:45 pm.

COMMUNITY MCGILL: Buddy needed for a young man, age 27, who lives in Pte. St. Charles. Union 414, 12-2.

AFRICAN STUDENT ASSOCIATION: People's Revolutionary Vanguard Struggle in Ethiopia, including an analysis of Eritrean Liberation Front. Union 124, 7 pm.

ITALIAN SOCIETY: Movie, "The Italians of Montreal". All welcome. B23-24, 7 pm.

PRE-MED SOCIETY: Dr. D. Bates, department of the History of Medicine, on "The Medical Curriculum: Preparation or Obstruction?" All welcome. McIntyre Medical Building 409 (enter through 3rd floor library), 1 pm. Also, sign up now for tour of the Lady Davis Research Institute, limited to 15 people on first come basis.

CLASS COMMITTEE, PHYSIOLOGY 211: Important meeting today with faculty in McIntyre 1019, 12 noon.

IRANIAN STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION: National question in Iran. Union 123-124, 8:30 pm.

RADIO MCGILL: Play by play of the Canada-Russia hockey game at Lake Placid at 7:30 pm on campus and 91.5 cable FM. Also, what should radio be? Join Radio McGill and contribute. It's your station. Phone 392-8931 and leave name and telephone number.

SATURDAY

WATERSHOW '72: Tonight. Tickets at door. Currie Pool, 8:15.

POST-GRADUATE RUGBY FOOTBALL CLUB: will have a dance, the Post-Grad Winter Sevens, one dollar. David Thompson House, 9 pm.

THOMPSON HOUSE - PGSS: Post-Graduate Rugby Football Team. Beer-Disco 9 pm-2 am. Members and their guests admitted at the House, no charge; downstairs one dollar. Ladies, please be advised that there will be 300 healthy males available once the beer is exhausted - for what they are worth.

SAVOY SOCIETY: Rehearsal in Ballroom at times appointed.

CHINA FRIENDSHIP SOCIETY: Discussion on Chairman Mao's article "On the Correct Handling of Contradictions among the People". China Friendship Centre, 2061 University, 3rd floor, 10 am.

MEN'S CURLING CLUB: Ice available today. TMR Curling Club, 1 pm-5 pm.

SUNDAY

FOLK MASS: Yes, we were here last week but our notice wasn't. Come and see us, maybe even join in. Yellow Door, 3625 Aylmer, 4:30 pm.

MANAGEMENT
GRADUATION
DANCE

Open Bar for Cocktails
7:00 P.M. - 8:30 P.M.

Buffet Dinner
8:30 P.M. - 10:00 P.M.

Band and Dance
10:00 P.M. - 2:00 A.M.

At Chateau Champlain
March 10, 1972

Only \$14.00 per couple
Tickets available at Union Box Office

DRESS-OPTIONAL

get involved with the **kibbutz**

a unique social experiment in cooperative living which strives for personal and community self-realization. We invite you to experience the kibbutz through the following programs:

Kibbutz ulpan

A six month program of ½ day work and ½ day Hebrew studies

Temporary workers

Living and working on a kibbutz one month or more

AGE: 18 to 35 COST: Transportation DATES: Year round

For information and application for the above, and for permanent settlement, winter, summer and teenage programs, contact:

KIBBUTZ ALIYA DESK

Yaakov Barkai, Gadi Gilai, Oded ben-Orr
Located in the Labour Zionist Centre

Eves. 735-0122

733-5161

4770 Kent Ave., Room 300 — 735-1159 739-3869

ISRAEL
PROGRAM CENTRE

full information and counsel on work, study
and travel opportunities for youth and students

STUDENT SUMMER TOUR

3 months Israel and Europe \$550.00

SUMMER IN KIBBUTZ

9-12 weeks \$660.00 u.s.

ARCHAEOLOGICAL DIG IN ISRAEL

6 college credits, 7-10 weeks \$799.00 u.s.

UNIVERSITY STUDY GROUPS

6 college credits, 8 weeks \$975.00 u.s.

ART SEMINAR

7 weeks \$960.00 u.s.

DESIGN YOUR OWN TRIP TO ISRAEL

A large variety of programs
and tours to choose from

SHERUT LA'AM (Service to the People)

One year college graduate program \$635.00 u.s.
Seven months Kibbutz program \$535.00 u.s.

For Further Information Contact:
ISRAEL PROGRAM CENTRE
1310 Greene Ave., 8th floor
Tel: 934-0807

THE ONE AND ONLY LIFE
INSURANCE PLAN ENDORSED BYTHE STUDENTS' SOCIETY OF
MCGILL UNIVERSITY TO ITS MEMBER STUDENTS
AND POST GRADUATE STUDENTS

Lowest Initial Cost ■ Lowest Net Cost, when changed to permanent ■ Life Time Coverage ■ Special Conversion at graduation or at end of Term Period ■ Reduction of \$2.50 per \$1000 at conversion ■ Reduction of \$2.50 per \$1000 at each option

PLANS: Term to age 35 or 10 year term whichever is the shorter period, with Ordinary Life thereafter, unless converted sooner to Ordinary Life or any other type of permanent life. PLUS: accidental death and G.I.B.		YEARLY PREMIUM
PLAN A	with G.I.B.	☐ \$92.75
	without G.I.B.	☐ \$67.75
	\$ 25,000 Death	
	\$ 50,000 Accidental Death	
\$ 175,000 G.I.B. (7 options up to \$25,000 each)		
PLAN B	with G.I.B.	☐ \$69.25
	without G.I.B.	☐ \$44.25
	\$ 15,000 Death	
	\$ 30,000 Accidental Death	
\$ 175,000 G.I.B. (7 options up to \$25,000 each)		
PLAN C	with G.I.B.	☐ \$57.50
	without G.I.B.	☐ \$32.50
	\$ 10,000 Death	
	\$ 20,000 Accidental Death	
\$ 175,000 G.I.B. (7 options up to \$25,000 each)		
PLAN D	with G.I.B.	☐ \$45.75
	without G.I.B.	☐ \$20.75
	\$ 5,000 Death	
	\$ 10,000 Accidental Death	
\$ 175,000 G.I.B. (7 options up to \$25,000 each)		
PLAN E	without G.I.B.	☐ \$10.00
	\$ 5,000 Death	

Above rates include Waiver of Premium and Conversion Privileges.

G.I.B. allows you to take 7 new permanent life insurance policies up to \$25,000 each for a total of \$175,000 WITHOUT PROOF OF GOOD HEALTH (in addition to conversion Privilege) on 7 of the following different occasions: at graduation, at postgraduation or at the policy anniversary dates nearest your ages 22, 25, 28, 31, 34, 37 and 40. You may add up to \$25,000 of permanent life insurance each time you exercise an option.

CONVERSION PRIVILEGES: ALL plans up to \$25,000 if at graduation or up to amount of policy at any other time during Term period.

Lowest Conversion Rates, for instance: Annual Premium for \$10,000 "Professional" Ordinary Life

	AGE	PREMIUM		CASH VALUE	
		1st year	thereafter	in 20 years	at age 65
now par	24	\$67.50	92.50	2,020	5,333
with bonus	24	\$72.50	97.50	4,050	16,984
double bonus	24	\$77.50	102.50	6,080	28,635

Cash Value and over 60% of Bonus are guaranteed

Please mail me your brochure on this plan and your "low" conversion rates.

Name Age

Address

..... Phone

Faculty Year

The International Life Insurance Company

Head Office: Place Victoria Building, Montreal 115, P.Q.
Telephone: 875-6270

IN COOPERATION WITH ONE OF THE
World's Largest Reinsurance Companies